

V O L P O N E:

OR, THE

F O X.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Jonson (B.)

THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY HER

MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vita. Horat.

LONDON:

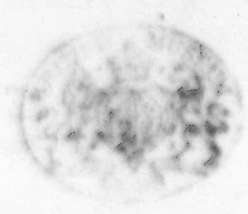
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THE ROYAL

OF THE

COMEDY

THEATRE



ROYAL

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THEATRE

ROYAL

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T O T H E
Most Noble and most Equal SISTERS,
T H E
Two Famous UNIVERSITIES,
*For their Love and Acceptance shewn to his
POEM in the Presentation, BEN. JOHN-
SON, the grateful Acknowledger, Dedi-
cates both it and himself.*

NEver (most equal Sisters) had any Man a Wit so presently excellent, as that it could raise it self; but there must come both Matter, Occasion, Commenders and Favourers to it: If this be true, and that the Fortune of all Writers doth daily prove it, it behoves the Careful to provide well toward these Accidents; and, having acquir'd them, to preserve that part of Reputation most tenderly, wherein the Benefit of a Friend is also defended. Hence is it, that I now render my self grateful, and am studious to justify the Bounty of your Act: To which, though your meer Authority were satisfying, yet it being an Age wherein Poetry, and the Professors of it, hear so ill on all sides, there will a Reason be lookt for in the Subject. It is certain, nor can it with any Forehead be opposed, that the too much License of *Poetasters* in this time hath much deformed their Mistress, that every Day their manifold and manifest Ignorance doth stick unnatural Reproaches upon her; but for their Petulancy, it were an Act of the greatest Injustice, either to let the Learned suffer, or to divine a Skill (which indeed should not be attempted with unclean Hands) to fall under the least Contempt. For, if Men will impartially, and not a-squint, look toward the Offices and Function of a Poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the Impossibility of any Man's being the good Poet, without first being a good Man. He that is said to be able to inform

young

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young Men to all good Disciplines, inflame grown Men to all great Virtues, keep old Men in their best and supream State, or, as they decline to Childhood, recover them to their first Strength; that comes forth the Interpreter and Arbitrator of Nature, a Teacher of Things divine, no less than human, a Master in Manners, and can alone (or with a few) effect the Business of Mankind: This, I take him, is no Subject for Pride and Ignorance to exercise their railing Rhetorick upon. But it will here be hastily answer'd, that the Writers of these Days are other things; that, not only their Manners, but their Natures are inverted, and nothing remaining with them of the Dignity of Poet, but the abused Name, which every Scribe usurps; that now, especially in *Drammatick*, or (as they term it) Stage-Poetry, nothing but Ribaldry, Prophanation, Blasphemy, all License of Offence to God and Man, is practis'd. I dare not deny a great part of this (and am sorry I dare not) because in some Mens abortive Features (and would they had never boasted the Light) it is over-true; but that all are embark'd in this bold Adventure for Hell, is a most uncharitable Thought, and, utter'd, a more malicious Slander. For my Particular, I can (and from a most clear Conscience) affirm, that I have ever trembled to think toward the least Prophaneness; have loathed the Use of such foul and unwash'd Bawdry, as is now made the Food of the *Scene*: And, howsoever I cannot escape, from some, the Imputation of Sharpness, but that they will say, I have taken a Pride, or Lust, to be bitter, and not my youngest Infant but hath come into the World with all his Teeth; I would ask of these supercilious Politicks, what Nation, Society, or general Order, or State, I have provoked? what publick Person? whether I have not (in all these) preserv'd their Dignity, as mine own Person, safe? My Works are read, allow'd, (I speak of those that intirely mine) look into them; What broad Reproofs have I us'd? where have I been particular? where personal? except to a Mimick, Cheater, Bawd, or Buffoon, Creatures (for their Insolencies) worthy to be tax'd? Yet, to which of these so pointingly, as he might not either ingenuously have confess'd, or wisely dissembled his Disease? But it is not Rumour can make Men guilty, much less entitle me to other Mens Crimes. I know, that nothing can be so innocently writ, or carried, but may be made obnoxious to Construction; marry, whilst I bear mine Innocence about me, I fear it not. Application is now grown a Trade with

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with many, and there are, that profess to have a Key for the decyphering of every thing: But let wise and noble Persons take heed how they be too credulous, or give leave to these invading Interpreters, to be over-familiar with their Fames, who cunningly and often utter their own virulent Malice, under other Mens simplest Meanings. As for those that will (by Faults which Charity hath rak'd up, or common Honesty conceal'd) make themselves a Name with the Multitude, or (to draw their rude and beastly Claps) care not whose living Faces they intrench, with their petulant Stiles; may they do it, without a Rival, for me: I chuse rather to live grav'd in Obscurity, than share with them in so preposterous a Fame. Nor can I blame the Wishes of those severe and wise Patriots, who, providing the hurts these licentious Spirits may do in a State, desire rather to see Fools, and Devils, and those antick Relicks of Barbarism retriev'd, with all other ridiculous and exploded Follies, than behold the Wounds of private Men, of Princes and Nations. For, as *Horace* and *Trebatius* speak, among these,

—*Sibi quisque timet, quanquam est intactus, & odit.*

And Men may justly impute such Rages, if continu'd, to the Writer, as his Spots. The increase of which Lust in Liberty, together with the present Trade of the Stage, in all their masculine *Enterludes*, what learn'd or liberal Soul doth not already abhor? where nothing but the filth of the time is utter'd, and that with such impropriety of Phrase, such plenty of *Solæcism*, such dearth of Sense, so bold *Prolepses*, so rack'd *Metaphors*, with Brochelry, able to violate the Ear of a Pagan, and Blasphemy, to turn the Blood of a Christian to Water. I cannot but be serious in a Cause of this nature, wherein my Fame, and the Reputations of divers Honest and Learn'd are the Question, when a Name so full of Authority, Antiquity and all great Mark, is (through their Insolence) become the lowest Scorn of the Age; and those Men subject to the Petulancy of every vernaculous Orator, that were wont to be the care of Kings, and happiest Monarchs. This it is, that hath not only rap'd me to present Indignation, but made me studious heretofore; and, by all my Actions, to stand off from them; which may most appear in this my latest Work (which you, most learned *Arbitresses*, have seen, judg'd, and, to my Crown, approv'd) wherein I have labour'd, for their Instruction and Amendment, to reduce, not only the ancient Forms,

but

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but Manners of the *Scene*, the Easiness, the Propriety, the Innocence, and last the Doctrine which is the principal end of *Poesie*, to inform Men in the best Reason of Living. And though my *Catastrophe* may, in the strict Rigour of Comick Law, meet with Censure, as turning back to my Promise; I desire the learn'd and charitable Critick to have so much Faith in me, to think it was done of Industry: For, with what ease I could have varied it nearer his Scale (but that I fear to boast my own Faculty) I could here insert. But my special Aim being to put the Snaffle in their Mouths, that cry out, we never punish Vice in our *Enterludes*, &c. I took the more liberty, though not without some Lines of Example, drawn even in the Antients themselves, the goings out of whose Comedies are not always joyful, but oftentimes the Bawds, the Servants, the Rivals, yea, and the Masters are mulcted; and fitly, it being the Office of a Comick-Poet to imitate Justice, and instruct to Life as well as Purity of Language, or stir up gentle Affections. To which I shall take the occasion elsewhere to speak. For the present (most Reverend Sisters) as I have car'd to be thankful for your Affections past, and here made the Understanding acquainted with some ground of your Favours; let me not despair their continuance, to the maturing of some worthier Fruits: wherein, if my *Muses* be true to me, I shall raise the despis'd Head of *Poetry* again, and stripping her out of those rotten and base Rags, wherewith the Times have adulterated her Form, restore her to her primitive Habit, Feature and Majesty, and render her worthy to be Embrac'd and Kiss'd of all the great and Master-Spirits of our World. As for the Vile and Sloathful, who never affected an Act worthy of Celebration, or are so inward with their own vicious Natures, as they worthily fear her; and think it a high point of Policy, to keed her in Contempt with their declamatory and windy Invectives: she shall, out of just Rage, incite her Servants (who are *genus irritabile*) to spout Ink in their Faces, that shall eat, farther than their Marrow, into their Fumes; and not *Cinnamus* the Barber, with his Art, shall be able to take out the Brands; but they shall live, and be read, 'till the Wretches die, as things worst deserving of themselves in chief, and then of all Mankind.

THE PROLOGUE.

NOW Luck yet send us, and a little Wit
 Will serve to make our Play hit;
 (According to the Palates of the Season)
 Here is Rhime, not empty of Reason:
 This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,
 Whose true Scope, if you would know it,
 In all his Poems, still hath been this Measure,
 To mix Profit with your Pleasure;
 And not as some (whose Throats their Envy failing)
 Cry hoarsely, all he writes is Railing:
 And when his Plays come forth, think they can flout them,
 With saying he was a Year about them.
 To these there needs no Lie, but this his Creature,
 Which was two Months since no Feature;
 And though he dares give them five Lives to mend it,
 'Tis known five Weeks fully pen'd it:
 From his own hand, without a Co-adjutor,
 Novice, Journey-man, or Tutor.
 Yet, thus much I can give you, as a Token
 Of his Play's Worth, no Eggs are broken;
 Nor quaking Custards with fierce Teeth affrighted,
 Wherewith your Routs are so delighted;
 Nor hales he in a Gull, old Ends reciting,
 To stop Gaps in his loose Writing;
 With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd Action,
 As might make Bet'lem a Faction;
 Nor made he his Play, for Jests, stoln from each Table,
 But makes Jests to fit his Fable.
 And so presents quick Comedy refined,
 As best Criticks have designed;
 The Laws of Time, Place, Persons he observeth,
 From no needful Rule he swerveth.
 All Gall and Coppers from his Ink he draineth,
 Only a little Salt remaineth;
 Wherewith he'll rub your Cheeks, 'till (red with Laughter)
 They shall look fresh a Week after.

The

The ARGUMENT.

Volpone, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
 Offers his State to hopes of several Heirs,
 Lyes languishing; His Parasite receives
 Presents of all, assures, deicides; then weaves
 Other cross-Plots, which ope themselves, are told.
 New Tricks for Safety are sought; they thrive: When, bold,
 Each tempts th' other again, and all are Sold.

Dramatis Personæ.

Volpone, a Magnifico.	Mr. Powell.
Molca, his Parasite.	Mr. Wilks.
Voltore, an Advocate.	Mr. Keen.
Corbaccio, an old Gentleman.	Mr. Johnson.
Corvino, a Merchant.	Mr. Mills.
1 Avocatori,	Mr. Corey.
2 Avocatori,	Mr. Carnaby.
3 Avocatori,	Mr. Smith.
4 Avocatori,	Mr. Cross.
Notario, the Register.	
Nano, a Dwarf.	
Castrone, an Eunuch.	
Politick Would-be, a Knight.	Mr. Norris.
Peregrine, a Gentleman-Traveller.	Mr. Fairbank.
Bonario, a Young Gentleman.	Mr. Booth.
Madam Would-be, the Knight's Wife.	Mrs. Kent.
Celia, the Merchant's Wife.	Mrs. Rogers.
Commandadori, Officers.	
Mercatori, three Merchants.	
Androgyno, an Hermaphrodite.	
Servitore, a Servant.	
Women.	

The SCENE VENICE.

VOL

V O L P O N E:
Or, The F O X.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Volpone and Mosca.

Volp. **G**OOD Morning to the Day; and, next, my Gold;
Open the Shrine, that I may see my Saint.
Hail, the World's Soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming Earth to see the long'd-for Sun
Peep through the Horns of the celestial Ram,
And I, to view thy Splendor, darkning his:
That lying here amongst my other hoords,
Shewst like a Flame by Night; or like the Day
Struck out of Chaos, when all Darkness fled
Unto the Center. O, thou Son of Sol,
(But brighter than thy Father) let me kiss
With Adoration thee, and ev'ry Relick
Of sacred Treasure in this blessed Room.
Well did wise Poets by thy glorious Name
Title that Age, which they would have the best;
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of Joy in Children, Parents, Friends,
Or any other waking Dream on Earth.
Thy Looks when they to *Venus* did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thousand *Cupids*;
Such are thy Beauties, and our Loves! Dear Saint,
Riches, the Dumb God, that giv'st all Men Tongues:
That canst do naught, and yet mak'st Men do all things;
The price of Souls; even Hell, with thee to boot,
Is made worth Heav'n! Thou art Virtue, Fame,
Honour, and all things else! Who can get thee,
He shall be Noble, Valiant, Honest, Wise—

Mos. And what he will, Sir. Riches are in Fortune
A greater Good, than Wisdom is in Nature.

Volp. True, my beloved *Mosca*. Yet, I glory
More in the cunning Purchase of my Wealth,
Than in the glad Possession, since I gain
No common way: I use no Trade, no Venture;

I wound no Earth with Plow-shares, I fat no Beasts
 To feed the Shambles; have no Mills for Iron,
 Oil, Corn, or Men, to grind 'em into Powder;
 I blow no subtle Glasse, expose no Ships
 To threatnings of the furrow-faced Sea;
 I turn no Monies in the publick Bank,
 Nor Usure private. *Mos.* No, Sir, nor devour
 Soft Prodigals. You shall ha' some will swallow
 A melting Hire, as glibly as your *Dutch*
 Will Pills of Butter, and ne'er Purge for't;
 Tear forth the Fathers of poor Families
 Out of their Beds, and Coffin them alive,
 In some kind clasping Prison, where their Bones
 May be forth-coming, when the Flesh is rotten:
 But your sweet Nature doth abhor these Courses;
 You loath the Widows or the Orphans Tears
 Should wash your Pavements; or their piteous Cries
 Ring in your Roofs, and beat the Air for Vengeance.

Volp. Right, *Mosca*, I do loath it. *Mos.* And besides, Sir,
 You are not like a Thresher that doth stand
 With a huge Flail, watching a heap of Corn,
 And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest Grain,
 But seeds on Mallows, and such bitter Herbs;
 Nor like the Merchant, who hath fill'd his Vaults
 With *Romagnia*, and rich *Candian* Wines,
 Yet drinks the Lees of *Lombards* Vinegar:
 You will not lye in Straw, whilst Moths and Worms
 Feed on your sumptuous Hangings and soft Beds.
 You know the use of Riches, and dare give now
 From that bright heap, to me, your poor Observer,
 Or to your Dwarf, or your Hermaphrodite,
 Your Eunuch, or what other Household-trifle
 Your Pleasure allows Maint'nance.—— *Volp.* Hold thee, *Mosca*,
 Take, of my Hand; thou strikest on Truth, in all;
 And they are envious, term thee Parasite.
 Call forth my Dwarf, my Eunuch, and my Fool,
 And let 'em make me Sport. What should I do,
 But cocker up my Genius, and live free
 To all Delights, my Fortune calls me to?
 I have no Wife, no Parent, Child, Allie,
 To give my Substance to; but whom I make,
 Must be my Heir: And this makes Men observe me.
 This draws new Clients daily to my House,
 Women and Men of ev'ry Sex and Age,
 That bring me Presents, send me Plate, Coin, Jewels,
 With hope, that when I die, (which they expect
 Each greedy Minute) it shall then return
 Ten-fold upon them; whilst some, Covetous
 Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,

And counter-work the one unto the other,
 Contend in Gifts, as they would seem in Love:
 All which I suffer, playing with their Hopes,
 And am content to coin them into Profit,
 And look upon their Kindness, and take more,
 And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
 Letting the Cherry knock against their Lips,
 And draw it by their Mouths, and back again. How now!

SCENE II.

Nano, Androgyno, Castrone, Volpone and Mosca.

Nan. Now room for fresh Gamesters, who do will you to know,
 They do bring you neither Play, nor University Show;
 And therefore do intreat you, that whatsoever they rehearse,
 May not fare a whit the worse, for the false Pace of the Verse.
 If you wonder at this, you will wonder at more, e'er we pass,
 For know, here is inclos'd the Soul of Pythagoras,
 That Juggler Divine, as hereafter shall follow;
 Which Soul (fast and loose, Sir) came first from Apollo,
 And was breath'd into Æthalides, Mercurius his Son,
 Where it had the Gift to remember all that ever was done.
 From thence it fled forth, and made quick Transmigration
 To godly-locks Euphorbus, who was kill'd in good Fashion,
 At the Siege of old Troy, by the Cuckold of Sparta.
 Hermotimus was next (I find it in my Charta)
 To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
 But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learn'd to go a Fishing:
 And thence did it enter the Sophist of Greece.
 From Pythagore she went into a beautiful Piece.
 Hight Aspasia, the Meretrix; and the next toss of her
 Was, again of a Whore she became a Philosopher.
 Crates the Cynick: (as it self doth relate it)
 Since Kings, Knights and Beggars, Knaves, Lords and Fools gat it,
 Besides Ox and Ass, Camel, Mule, Goat and Brock,
 In all which it hath spokt, as in the Cobler's Cock,
 But I come not here to Discourse of that Matter,
 Or his one, two or three, or his great Oath, by Quater,
 His Musicks, his Trigon, his Golden Thigh,
 Or his telling how Elements shift: but I
 Would ask, how of late, thou hast suffered Translation,
 And shifted thy Coat in these Days of Reformation?
 And. Like one of the Reformed, a Fool, as you see,
 Counting all old Doctrine Heretic.
 Nan. But not on thine own forbid Meats hast thou ventur'd
 And. On Fish, when first a Carthusian I enter'd.
 Nan. Why, then thy dogmatical Silence hath left thee?
 And. Of that an obstreperous Lawyer bereft me.

Volpone: Or, The Fox.

Nan. O wonderful change! when Sir Lawyer forsook thee,
For Pythagore's sake, what Body then took thee?

And. A good dull Moyle. Nan. And how! by that Means,
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of Beans?

And. Yes. Nan. But, from the Moyle, into whom didst thou pass?

And. Into a very strange Beast, by some Writers call'd an As;
By others, a precise, pure, illuminate Brother,
Of those devour Flesh, and sometimes one another:
And will drop you forth a Label, or a sanctified Lie,
Betwixt every Spoonful of a Nativity-Pie.

Nan. Now quit thee, for Heav'n, of that profane Nation;
And gently report thy next Transmigration.

And. To the same that I am. Nan. A Creature of Delight?
Ana (what is more than a Fool) an Hermaphrodite?
Now pry thee, sweet Soul, in all thy Variation,
Which Body wouldst thou chuse, to keep up thy Station?

And. Troth, this I am in, even here would I tarry.

Nan. 'Cause here the delight of each Sex thou canst vary?

And. Alas, those Pleasures be stale, and forsaken;
No, 'tis your Fool wherewith I am so taken,
The only one Creature that I can call blessed:
For all other Forms I have prov'd most distressed.

Nan. Spoke true, as thou wert in Pythagoras still.
This learned Opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow Eunuch (as behoves us) with all our Wit and Art,
To dignifie that, whereof our selves are so great and special a part.

Volp. Now very, very pretty! Adesca, this
Was thy Invention? Ades. If it please my Patron,
Not else. Vol. It doth, good Adesca. Ades. Then it was, Sir.

SONG.

Fools, they are the only Nation
Worth Men's Envy, or Admiration;
Free from Care, or Sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry-making:
All they speak, or do, is Sterling,
Your Fool he is your great Man's Darling,
And your Lady's Sport and Pleasure;
Tongue, and Babble, are his Treasure,
Ev'n his Face begetteth Laughter,
And he speaks Truth free from Slaughter;
He's the Grace of ev'ry Feast,
And sometimes the chiefest Guest:
Hath his Trencher, and his Stool,
When Wit waits upon the Fool,
O, who would not be
He, he, he?

Volpone: Or, The Fox.

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Volp. Who's that? Away, look *Mosca*. [*One knocks without.*] *Mos.* Fool
[he gone.]

'Tis Signior *Voltore*, the Advocate,
I know him by his Knock. *Volp.* Fetch me my Gown,
My Furs and Night-caps; say, my Couch's changing:
And let him entertain himself, a while,
Without i'th' Gallery. Now, now, my Clients
Begin their Visitation! Vulture, Kite,
Raven, Gor-crow, all my Birds of Prey,
That think me turning Carcass, now they come:
I am not for 'em yet. How now? the News?

Mos. A piece of Plate, Sir. *Volp.* Of what Bigness? *Mos.* Huge,
Missie and antique, with your Name inscrib'd,
And Arms engraven. *Volp.* Good! and not a Fox
Stretch'd on the Earth, with fine delusive Sleights,
Mocking a gaping Crow? ha, *Mosca*? *Mos.* Sharp, Sir.

Volp. Give me my Furs. Why dost thou laugh so, Man?

Mos. I cannot chuse, Sir, when I apprehend
What Thoughts he has (without) now, as he walks:
That this might be the last Gift he should give;
That this would fetch you; if you dyed to Day,
And gave him all, what he should be to Morrow;
What large Return would come of all his Ventures;
How he should worship'd be, and reverenc'd;
Ride, with his Furs and Foot-cloaths; waited on
By Herds of Fools and Clients; have clear way
Made for his Moyle, as letter'd as himself;
Be call'd the great and learned Advocate;
And then concludes, there's naught impossible.

Volp. Yes, to be named, *Mosca*. *Mos.* O, no: rich
Implies it. Hood an A's with reverend Purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious Ears,
And he shall pass for a Cathedral Doctor.

Volp. My Caps, my Caps, good *Mosca*; fetch him in.

Mos. Stay, Sir, your Ointment for your Eyes. *Volp.* That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have Possession
Of my new Present. *Mos.* That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you Lord of. *Volp.* Thanks, kind *Mosca*.

Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended Dust,
And hundred such as I am, in Succession——

Volp. Nay, that were too much, *Mosca*. *Mos.* You shall live,
Still, to delude these Harpies. *Volp.* Loving *Mosca*,
'Tis well, my Pillow now, and let him enter.
Now, my feign'd Cough, my Prytick, and my Gout.
My Apoplexy, Palsie and Catarrhes,
Help, with your forced Functions, this my Posture,
Wherein, these three Years, I have milk'd their Hopes.
He comes, I hear him (uh, uh, uh, uh,) O,

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mosca, Voltore and Volpone.

Mos. You still are, what you were, Sir. Only you
(Of all the rest) are he, commands his Love:
And you do wisely, to preserve it, thus,
With early Visitation, and kind Notes
Of your good Meaning to him, which I know
Cannot but come most grateful. Patron, Sir,
Here's Signior *Voltore* is come——*Volp.* What say you?

Mos. Sir, Signior *Voltore* is come this Morning,
To visit you. *Volp.* I thank him. *Mos.* And hath brought
A piece of antique Plate, bought of St. *Mark*,
With which he here presents you. *Volp.* He is welcome.

Pray him to come more often. *Mos.* Yes. *Vol.* What says he?

Mos. He thanks you, and desires you to see him often.

Volp. *Mosca.* *Mos.* My Patron? *Volp.* Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand. *Mos.* The Plate is here, Sir.

Vol. How fare you, Sir? *Volp.* I thank you, Signior *Voltore*,
Where is the Plate? mine Eyes are bad. *Vol.* I'm sorry,
To see you still thus weak. *Mos.* That he is not weaker.

Volp. You are too munificent. *Vol.* No, Sir, would to Heav'n,
I could as well give Health to you, as that Plate.

Volp. You give, Sir, what you can. I thank you. Your Love
Hath Taste in this, and shall not be unanswer'd.

I pray you see me often. *Vol.* Yes, I shall, Sir.

Volp. Be not far from me. *Mos.* Do you observe that, Sir?

Volp. Hearken unto me still: It will concern you.

Mos. You are a happy Man, Sir, know your Good.

Volp. I cannot now last long——(*Mos.* You are his Heir, Sir.

Vol. Am I?) *Volp.* I feel me going, (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

I am sailing to my Port, (uh, uh, uh, uh!)

And I am glad, I am so near my Haven.

Mos. Alas, kind Gentleman; well, we must all go——

Vol. But *Mosca*——*Mos.* Age will conquer. *Vol.* 'Pry thee hear me.
Am I inscrib'd his Heir for certain? *Mos.* Are you?

I do beseech you, Sir, you will vouchsafe
To write me i' your Family. All my Hopes
Depend upon your Worship. I am lost,
Except the Rising Sun do shine on me.

Vol. It shall both shine and warm thee, *Mosca.* *Mos.* Sir,
I am a Man that have not done your Love

All the worst Offices: Here I wear your Keys,
Set all your Coffers and your Caskets lock'd,
Keep the poor Inventory of your Jewels,
Your Plate, and Monies; I am your Steward, Sir,
Husband your Goods are here. *Vol.* But I am sole Heir?

Mos.

Volpone: Or, the Fox.

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Mos. Without a Partner, Sir, confirm'd this Morning;
The Wax is warm yet, and the Ink scarce dry
Upon the Parchment. *Vol.* Happy, happy, me!
By what good Chance, sweet *Mosca*? *Mos.* Your Desert, Sir;
I know no second Cause. *Vol.* Thy Modesty
Is loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.

Mos. He ever lik'd your course, Sir; that first took him.
I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
Men of your large Profession, that could speak
To every Cause, and Things meer Contraries,
'Till they were hoarse again, yet all be Law;
That, with most quick Agility, could turn,
And return; make Knots, and undo them;
Give forked Counsel; take provoking Gold
On either hand, and put it up: These Men,
He knew, would thrive with their Humility.
And (for his part) he thought he should be bless'd,
To have his Heir of such a suffering Spirit,
So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a Tongue,
And loud withal, that could not wag, nor scarce
Lye still, without a Fee; when every Word
Your Worship but let's fall, is a *Cecchine*!
Who's that? one knocks, I would not have you seen, Sir. [*Another knocks.*]
And yet—pretend you came, and went in haste;
I'll fashion an Excuse. And, gentle Sir,
When you do come to swim in golden Lard,
Up to the Arms, in Honey, that your Chin
Is born up stiff with fatness of the Flood,
Think on your Vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of Clients. *Vol.* *Mosca*——

Mos. When will you have your Inventory brought, Sir?
Or see a Copy of the Will? (anon)
I'll bring 'em to you, Sir. Away, be gone,
Put Business i' your Face. *Vol.* Excellent *Mosca*!
Come hither, let me kiss thee. *Mos.* Keep you still, Sir.
Here is *Corbaccio*. *Vol.* Set the Plate away,
The Vulture's gone, and the old Raven's come.

SCENE IV.

Mosca, Corbaccio, and Volpone.

Mos. Betake you to your Silence, and your Sleep:
Stand there, and multiply. Now shall we see
A Wretch, who is (indeed) more Impotent
Than this can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his Grave. Signior *Corbaccio*!
You're very welcome, Sir. *Corb.* How does your Patron?

Mos. Troth, as he did, Sir; no amends. *Corb.* What i' mends he's
Mos.

Volpone: Or, The Fox.

Mof. No, Sir: he is rather worse. *Corb.* That's well. Where is he?

Mof. Upon his Couch, Sir, newly fall'n asleep.

Corb. Does he sleep well? *Mof.* No wink, Sir, all this Night,
Nor Yesterday; but Slumbers. *Corb.* Good! He should take
Some Counsel of Physicians: I have brought him

An Opiate here, from mine own Doctor——

Mof. He will not hear of Drugs. *Corb.* Why? I my self
Stood by, while 'twas made; saw all th'Ingredients:
And know it cannot but most gently work.

My Life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.

Volp. Ay, his last Sleep, if he would take it. *Mof.* Sir,
He has no Faith in Physick. *Corb.* 'Say you? 'say you?

Mof. He has no Faith in Physick: He does think,
Most of your Doctors are the greater Danger,
And worse Disease, t'escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your Physician
Should never be his Heir. *Corb.* Not I his Heir?

Mof. Not your Physician, Sir. *Corb.* O no, no, no,
I do not mean it. *Mof.* No, Sir, nor their Fees
He cannot brook: he says, they slay a Man
Before they kill him. *Corb.* Right, I do conceive you.

Mof. And then they do it by Experiment;
For which the Law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great Reward; and he is loth
To hire his Death so. *Corb.* It is true, they kill,
With as much Licence as a Judge. *Mof.* Nay, more;
For he but kills, Sir, where the Law condemns,
And these can kill him too. *Corb.* Ay, or me;
Or any Man. How does his Apoplexy?

Is that strong on him still? *Mof.* Most violent,
His Speech is broken, and his Eyes are set,
His Face drawn longer than 'twas wont——

Corb. How? how?
Stronger than he was wont? *Mof.* No, Sir; his Face

Drawn longer than 'twas wont. *Corb.* O, good. *Mof.* His Mouth
Is ever gaping, and his Eye-lids hang. *Corb.* Good.

Mof. A freezing Numbness stiffens all his Joints,
And makes the Colour of his Flesh like Lead. *Corb.* 'Tis good.

Mof. His Pulse beats slow and dull. *Corb.* Good Symptoms still.

Mof. And from his Brain——*Corb.* Hat' how? not from his Brain?

Mof. Yes, Sir, and from his Brain—— (*Corb.* I conceive you, good)

Mof. Flows a cold Sweat, with a continual Rheum
Forth the resolved Corners of his Eyes.

Corb. Is't possible? yet I am better, ha!
How does he, with the swimming of his Head?

Mof. O, Sir, 'tis past the Scentomy; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to Snort:
You hardly can perceive him that he breaths.

Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall out-last him:
This makes me young again a score of Years.

Mof.

Mof. I was coming for you, Sir. *Corb.* Has he made his Will?
 What has he giv'n me? *Mof.* No, Sir. *Corb.* Nothing? ha?
Mof. He has not made his Will, Sir. *Corb.* Oh, oh, oh.
 What then did *Polioze*, the Lawyer, here?
Mof. He smelt a Carcass, Sir, when he but heard
 My Master was about his Testament;
 As I did urge him to it, for your good ———
Corb. He came unto him, did he? I thought so.
Mof. Yes, and presented him this Piece of Plate.
Corb. To be his Heir? *Mof.* I do not know, Sir. *Corb.* True,
 I know it too. *Mof.* By your own Scale, Sir. *Corb.* Well;
 I shall prevent him, yet. See *Mofca*, look,
 Here, I have brought a Bag of bright *Cecchines*,
 Will quite weigh down his Plate. *Mof.* Yes, marry, Sir.
 This is true Physick, this your sacred Medicine;
 No talk of *Opiates*, to this great *Elixir*.
Corb. 'Tis *aurum palpabile*, if not *potabile*.
Mof. It shall be minister'd to him, in his Bowl?
Corb. Ay, do, do, do. *Mof.* Most blessed Cordial.
 This will recover him. *Corb.* Yes, do, do, do.
Mof. I think it were not best, Sir. *Corb.* What? *Mof.* To recover him.
Corb. O, no, no, no; by no means. *Mof.* Why, Sir, this
 Will work some strange Effect, if he but feel it.
Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear, I'll take my Venture;
 Give me't again. *Mof.* At no Hand; pardon me;
 You shall not do your self that wrong, Sir. I
 Will so advise you, you shall have it all.
Corb. How? *Mof.* All, Sir, 'tis your right, your own; no Man
 Can claim a part: 'tis yours, without a Rival,
 Decreed by Destiny. *Corb.* How? how, good *Mofca*?
Mof. I'll tell you, Sir. This Fit he shall recover;
 (*Corb.* I do conceive you.) *Mof.* And, on first advantage
 Of his gain'd Sense, will I re-importune him
 Unto the making of his Testament;
 And shew him this. *Corb.* Good, good. *Mof.* 'Tis better yet,
 If you will hear, Sir. *Corb.* Yes, with all my Heart.
Mof. Now, would I counsel you, make Home with speed;
 There, frame a Will; whereto you shall inscribe
 My Master your sole Heir. *Corb.* And disinherit
 My Son? *Mof.* O, Sir, the better: for that Colour
 Shall make it much more taking. *Corb.* O, but Colour?
Mof. This Will, Sir, you shall send it unto me,
 Now, when I come to enforce (as I will do)
 Your Cares, your Watchings and your many Prayers,
 Your more than many Gifts, your this Day's Present,
 And last, produce your Will; where (without Thought,
 Or least Regard, unto your proper Issue,
 A Son so brave, and highly meriting)
 The stream of your diverted Love hath thrown you

Upon my Master, and made him your Heir:

He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,

But out of Conscience, and meer Gratitude——

Corb. He must pronounce me, his? *Mos.* 'Tis true. *Corb.* This Plot Did I think on before. *Mos.* I do believe it.

Corb. Do you not believe it? *Mos.* Yes, Sir. *Corb.* Mine own Project.

Mos. Which when he hath done, Sir——*Corb.* Publish'd me his Heir?

Mos. And you so certain, to survive him——*Corb.* I.

Mos. Being so lusty a Man——*Corb.* 'Tis true. *Mos.* Yes, Sir——

Corb. I thought on that too. See, how he should be

The very Organ, to express my Thoughts!

Mos. You have not only done your self a good——

Corb. But multiply'd it on my Son? *Mos.* 'Tis right, Sir.

Corb. Still, my Invention. *Mos.* 'Lais, Sir, Heav'n knows,

It hath been all my Study, all my Care,

(I e'en grow Grey withal) how to work things——

Corb. I do conceive, sweet *Mosca*. *Mos.* You are he,

For whom I labour, here. *Corb.* Ay, do, do, do:

I'll straight about it. *Mos.* Rook go with you, Raven.

Corb. I know thee honest. *Mos.* You do lye, Sir——*Corb.* And——

Mos. Your Knowledge is no better than your Cares, Sir.

Corb. I do not doubt, to be a Father to thee.

Mos. Nor I, to gull my Brother of his Blessing.

Corb. I may ha' my Youth restor'd to me, why not?

Mos. Your Worship is a precious Ais——*Corb.* What say'st thou?

Mos. I do desire your Worship to make haste, Sir.

Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. *Volp.* O, I shall burst;

Let out my Sides, let out my Sides——*Mos.* Contain

Your flux of Laughter, Sir: you know, this hope

Is such a Bait, it covers my Hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it!

I cannot hold; good Rascal, let me kiss thee:

I never knew thee in so rare a Humour.

Mos. Alas, Sir, I but do as I am taught;

Follow your grave Instructions; give 'em words;

Pour Oyl into their Ears; and send them hence.

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare Punishment

Is Avarice, to it self? *Mos.* Ay, with our help, Sir.

Volp. So many Cares, so many Maladies,

So many Fears attending on Old Age,

Yea, Death so often call'd on, as no wish

Can be more frequent with 'em, their Limbs faint,

Their Senses dull, their Seeing, Hearing, Going,

All Dead before them; yea, their very Teeth,

Their Instruments of Eating, failing them:

Yet this is reckon'd Life! Nay, here was one,

Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer!

Feels not his Gout, nor Palsie, feigns himself

Younger, by scores of Years, flatters his Age,

With confident belying it, hopes he may
 With Charms, like *Æson*, have his Youth restor'd:
 And with these Thoughts so battens, as if Fate
 Would be as easily cheated on, as he,
 And all turns Air! Who's that there, now? a third? [*Another knocks.*]
Mos. Close, to your Couch again: I hear his Voice.
 It is *Corvino*, our spruce Merchant. *Volp.* Dead.
Mos. Another bout, Sir, with your Eyes. Who's there?

SCENE V.

Mosca, Corvino, and Volpone.

Mos. Signior *Corvino*! come most wisht for! O,
 How happy were you, if you knew it, now!
Corv. Why? what? wherein? *Mos.* The tardy hour is come, Sir.
Corv. He is not dead? *Mos.* Not dead, Sir, but as good;
 He knows no Man. *Corv.* How shall I do then? *Mos.* Why, Sir?
Corv. I have brought him here a Pearl. *Mos.* Perhaps, he has
 So much remembrance left, as to know you, Sir;
 He still calls on you; nothing but your Name
 Is in his Mouth: Is your Pearl Orient, Sir?
Corv. Venice was never Owner of the like.
Volp. Signior *Corvino*. *Mos.* Hark. *Volp.* Signior *Corvino*.
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's here, Sir,
 And he has brought you a rich Pearl. *Corv.* How do you, Sir?
 Tell him, it doubles the twelfth *Caralt*. *Mos.* Sir,
 He cannot understand, his Hearing's gone;
 And yet it comforts him, to see you——*Corv.* Say,
 I have a Diamond for him too. *Mos.* Best shew't, Sir,
 Put it into his Hand; 'tis only there
 He apprehends: he has his Feeling, yet:
 See, how he grasps it! *Corv.* 'Lads, good Gentleman!
 How pitiful the sight is! *Mos.* Tut, forget, Sir.
 The weeping of an Heir should still be Laughter,
 Under a Visor. *Corv.* Why? am I his Heir?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the Will.
 Till he be dead: But, here has been *Corbaccio*,
 Here has been *Vokore*, here were others too,
 I cannot number 'em, they were so many,
 All gaping here for Legacies; but I,
 Taking the vantage of his Naming you,
 (Signior *Corvino*, Signior *Corvino*) took
 Paper, and Pen, and Ink, and there I ask'd him,
 Whom he would have his Heir? *Corvino.* Who
 Should be Executor? *Corvino.* And,
 To any Question, he was silent to,
 I still interpreted the nods he made,
 (Through weakness) for Consent: and sent home th'others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corv. O, my dear *Mosca*. Does he not perceive us? [*They embrace.*]

Mos. No more than a blind Harper. He knows no Man.

No Face of Friend, nor Name of any Servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him Drink:

Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember. *Corv.* Has he Children? *Mos.* Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on Beggars,
Gipsies, and *Jews*, and *Blackamoors*, when he was drunk.

Knew you not that, Sir? 'Tis the common Fable.

The Dwarf, the Fool, the Eunuch are all his;

He's the true Father of his Family.

In all, save me: But he has giv'n 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does not hear us?

Mos. Sure, Sir? Why, look you, credit your own Sense.

The Pox approach, and add to your Diseases,

If it would send you hence the sooner. Sir.

For your Incontinence it hath deserv'd it

Thoroughly and thoroughly, and the Plague to boot.

(You may come near, Sir) wou'd you would once close

Those filthy Eyes of yours, that flow with Slime,

Like two Frog-pits; and those same hanging Checks,

Cover'd with Hide, instead of Skin: (Nay, help, Sir)

That look like frozen Dish-clouts, set on end.

Corv. Or, like an old smoak'd Wall, on which the Rain

Ran down in Streaks. *Mos.* Excellent Sir, speak out;

You may be louder yet: A Culvering,

Discharged in his Ear, would hardly bore it.

Corv. His Nose is like a Common-Shoar, still running.

Mos. 'Tis good! and, what his Mouth? *Corv.* A very Draught.

Mos. O, stop it up--*Corv.* By no Means. *Mos.* Pray you let me.

Faith, I could stifle him, rarely, with a Pillow,

As well as any Woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I'll be gone. *Mos.* Be so;

It is your Presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you, use no Violence. *Mos.* No, Sir? Why?

Why should you be thus scrupulous? Pray you, Sir,

Corv. Nay, at your Discretion. *Mos.* Well, good Sir, be gone.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my Pearl?

Mos. Puh, nor your Diamond. What a needless Care

Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?

Am not I here? whom you have made? your Creature?

That owe my Being to you? *Corv.* Grateful *Mosca*!

Thou art my Friend, my Fellow, my Companion,

My Partner, and shalt share in all my Fortunes.

Mos. Excepting one. *Corv.* What's that? *Mos.* Your gallant Wife, Sir.

Now, is he gone: We had no other Means

To shoot him hence, but this. *Volp.* My divine *Mosca*!

Thou hast to day out-gone thy self. Who's there? [*Another knocks.*]

I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
 Me Musick, Dances, Banquets, all Delights;
 The *Turk* is not more sensual in his Pleasures,
 Than will *Volpone*. Let me see, a Pearl?
 A Diamond? Plate? *Cecchines*? Good Morning's Purchase;
 Why, this is better than rob Churches yet:
 Or fat, by eating (once a Month) a Man.
 Who is't? *Mos*. The beauteous Lady *Would-be*, Sir,
 Wife to the *English Knight*, Sir *Poltrick Would-be*,
 (This is the Stile, Sir, is directed me)
 Hath sent to you, how you have slept to Night,
 And if you would be visited. *Volp*. Not now.
 Some three hours hence——*Mos*. I told the Squire so much.
Volp. When I am high with Mirth and Wine: Then, then.
 'Fore Heav'n, I wonder at the desperate Valour
 Of the bold *English*, that they dare let loose
 Their Wives to all Encounters! *Mos*. Sir, this Knight
 Had not his Name for nothing, he is politick,
 And knows, howe'er his Wife affects strange Airs,
 She hath not yet the Face to be dishonest.
 But, had she Signior *Corvino's* Wife's Face——
Volp. Has she so rare a Face? *Mos*. O, Sir, the Wonder,
 The blazing Star of *Italy*! a Wench
 O'the first year! a Beauty, ripe as Harvest!
 Whose Skin is whiter than a Swan all over!
 Than Silver, Snow, or Lillies! a soft Lip,
 Would tempt you to Eternity of kissing!
 And Flesh, that melteth, in the Touch, to Blood!
 Bright as your Gold! and lovely as your Gold!
Volp. Why had I not known this before? *Mos*. Alas, Sir,
 My self but Yesterday discovered it.
Volp. How might I see her? *Mos*. O, not possible;
 She's kept as warily as is your Gold:
 Never does come abroad, never takes Air,
 But at a Window. All her Looks are sweet,
 As the first Grapes or Cherries; and are watch'd
 As near as they are. *Volp*. I must see her——*Mos*. Sir,
 There is a Guard of ten Spies thick upon her;
 All his whole Household: Each of which is set
 Upon his Fellow, and have all their Charge,
 When he goes out, when he comes in, examin'd.
Volp. I will go see her, though but at her Window.
Mos. In some Disguise then. *Volp*. That is true. I must
 Maintain mine own Shape, still the same: We'll think.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Politick Would-be and Peregrine.

Pol. **S**IR, to a wise Man, all the World's his Soil.

It is not *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Europe*,
That must bound me, if my Fates call me forth.
Yet, I protest, it is no salt Desire
Of seeing Countries, shifting a Religion,
Nor any Disaffection to the State
Where I was bred (and, unto which I owe
My dearest Plots) hath brought me out; much less,
That idle, antick, stale, gray-headed Project
Of knowing Mens Minds and Manners, with *Ulysses*:
But, a peculiar Humour of my Wife's,
Laid for this height of *Venice*, to observe,
To quote, to learn the Language, and so forth ———
I hope you Travel, Sir, with Licence? *Per.* Yes.

Pol. I dare the safelier converse ——— How long, Sir,
Since you left *England*? *Per.* Seven Weeks. *Pol.* So lately!
You ha' not been with my Lord Ambassador?

Per. Not yet, Sir. *Pol.* Pray you, what News, Sir, vents our Climate?
I heard last Night, a most strange thing reported
By some of my Lord's Followers, and I long
To hear, how 'twill be seconded! *Per.* What was't, Sir?

Pol. Marry, Sir, of a Raven, that should build
In a Ship Royal of the King's. *Per.* This Fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gul'd? your Name? Sir?

Pol. My Name is *Politick Would-be*. *Per.* O, that speaks him.
A Knight, Sir? *Pol.* A poor Knight, Sir. *Per.* Your Lady
Lies here, in *Venice*, for Intelligence
Of Tyres, and Fashions, and Behaviour,
Among the Curtizans? the fine Lady *Would-bee*?

Pol. Yes, Sir; the Spider, and the Bee, oft-times
Suck from one Flower. *Per.* Good Sir *Politick*!
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:

'Tis true, Sir, of your Raven. *Pol.* On your Knowledge?

Per. Yes, and your Lyon's Whelping in the Tower.

Pol. Another Whelp! *Per.* Another, Sir. *Pol.* Now, Heav'n!
What Prodigies be these? The fires at *Berwick*?

And the new Star! these things concurring, strange!
And full of Omen! Saw you these Meteors?

Per. I did, Sir. *Pol.* Fearful! Pray you, Sir, confirm me,
Were there three Porcupines seen, above the Bridge,
As they give out? *Per.* Six, and a Surgeon, Sir.

Pol. I am astonish'd! *Per.* Nay, Sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater Prodigy, than these ———

Pol. What should these things portend! *Per.* The very day

(Let

(Let me be sure) that I put forth from *London*,
There was a Whale discover'd, in the River,
As high as *Woolwich*, that had waited there
(Few know how many Months) for the subversion
Of the *Stode-Fleet*. *Pol.* Is't possible? Believe it,
'Twas either sent from *Spain*, or the *Arch-Dukes*!
Spinola's Whale, upon my Life, my Credit!
Will they not leave these Projects? Worthy Sir,
Some other News. *Per.* Faith, *Stone*, the Fool, is dead;
And they do lack a Tavern-fool, extreemly.

Pol. Is *Mas's* *Stone* dead? *Per.* He's dead, Sir: Why? I hope
You thought him not immortal? O, this Knight
(Were he well known) would be a precious thing
To fit our *English* Stage: He that should write
But such a Fellow, should be thought to feign
Extreemly, if not maliciously. *Pol.* *Stone* dead!

Per. Dead. Lord! how deeply, Sir, you apprehend it?
He was no Kinsman to you? *Pol.* That I know of.
Well! that same Fellow was an unknown Fool.

Per. And yet you knew him, it seems? *Pol.* I did so, Sir.
I knew him one of the most dangerous Heads
Living within the State, and so I held him.

Per. Indeed, Sir? *Pol.* While he liv'd, in action,
He has receiv'd weekly Intelligence,
Upon my Knowledge, out of the *Low-Countries*,
(For all parts of the World) in Cabages;
And those dispens'd again, to 'Ambassadors,
In Oranges, Musk-melons, Apricots,
Lemons, Pome-citrons, and such like: sometimes
In *Colchester* Oysters, and your *Selsey-Cockles*.

Per. You make me wonder! *Pol.* Sir, upon my Knowledge.
Nay, I have observ'd him, at your publick Ordinary,
Take his Advertisement, from a Traveller
(A conceal'd States-man) in a Trencher of Meat;
And, instantly, before the Meal was done,
Convey an answer in a Tooth-pick. *Per.* Strange!
How could this be, Sir? *Pol.* Why, the Meat was cut
So like his Character, and so laid, as he
Must easily read the Cypher. *Per.* I have heard,
He could not read, Sir. *Pol.* So 'twas given out,
(In Polity) by those that did imploy him;
But he could read, and had your Languages,
And to't, as found a Noddle——*Per.* I have heard, Sir,
That your *Babionns* were Spies; and that they were
A kind of subtle Nation, near to *China*.

Pol. Ay, ay, your *Atamuluchi*. Faith, they had
Their hand in a *French* Plot, or two; but they
Were so extreemly given to Women, as
They made discovery of all: yet I

Had my Advices here (on Wednesday last)
 From one of their own Coat, they were return'd,
 Made their Relations (as the fashion is)
 And now stand fair for fresh Employment. *Per.* 'Hart!
 This Sir *Pol.* will be ignorant of nothing.
 It seems, Sir, you know all? *Pol.* Not all, Sir. But,
 I have some general Notions; I do love
 To note, and to observe: though I live out,
 Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
 The currents, and the passages of things,
 For mine own private use; and know the Ebbs,
 And Flows of State. *Per.* Believe it, Sir, I hold
 My self, in no small tie, unto my Fortunes,
 For casting me thus luckily upon you;
 Whose Knowledge (if your Bounty equal it)
 May do me great assistance, in Instruction
 For my Behaviour, and my Bearing, which
 Is yet so rude, and raw——*Pol.* Why? came you forth
 Empt' of Rules, for Travell? *Per.* Faith, I had
 Some common ones, from out that vulgar Grammar,
 Which he, that cry'd *Italian* to me, taught me.

Pol. Why, this it is, that spoils all our brave Bloods,
 Trusting our hopeful Gentry unto Pedants,
 Fellows of out-side, and meer Bark. You seem
 To be a Gentleman, of ingenious Race——
 I not profess it, but my Fate hath been
 To be, where I have been consulted with,
 In this high kind, touching some great Mens Sons,
 Persons of Blood, and Honour——*Per.* Who be these, Sir?

SCENE II.

Mosca, Politick, Peregrine, Volpone, Nano, and Grege.

Mos. Under that Window, there't must be. The same.

Pol. Fellows, to mount a Bank! Did your Instructor
 In the dear Tongues, never Discourse to you
 Of the *Italian* Mountebanks? *Per.* Yes, Sir. *Pol.* Why,
 Here shall you see one. *Per.* They are Quack-salvers,
 Fellows, that live by venting Oils, and Drugs?

Pol. Was that the Character he gave you of them?

Per. As I remember. *Pol.* Pity his Ignorance.

They are the only knowing Men of *Europe*!
 Great general Scholars, excellent Physicians,
 Most admir'd States-men, profess Favourites,
 And Cabinet-counsellors, to the greatest Princes!
 The only Linguag'd Men of all the World!

Per. And, I have heard, they are most lewd impostors;

Made all of Terms, and Shreds; no less Beliers
Of Great-mens Favours, than their own vile Med'cines;
Which they will utter, upon monstrous Oaths:
Selling that drug for Two-pence, e'er they part,
Which they have valu'd at twelve Crowns, before.

Pol. Sir, Calumnies are answer'd best with silence:
Your self shall judge. Who is it mounts, my Friends?

Mos. Scoto of Mantua, Sir. Pol. Is't he? nay, then
I'll proudly promise, Sir, you shall behold
Another Man, than has been phant'ied to you.
I wonder, yet, that he should mount his Bank
Here, in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza! Here he comes.

Volp. Mount, Zany. Gre. Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow:

Pol. See how the People follow him! he's a Man
May write 10000 Crowns, in Bank, here. Note,
Mark but his Gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps, in getting up! Per. 'Tis worth it, Sir.

Volp. Most noble Gent. and my worthy Patrons, it may seem strange, that
I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my Bank in face of the
publick Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico, to the Procuratia, should
now (after eight Months Absence from this illustrious City of Venice) humbly
retire my self, into an obscure nook of the Piazza.

Pol. Did not I, now, object the same? Per. Peace, Sir.

Volp. Let me tell you: I am not (as your Lombard Proverb saith) cold on
my Feet; or content to part with my Commodities at a cheaper rate, than I
accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impu-
dent Deiractor, and Shame to our Profession, (Alessandro Buttone, I mean)
who gave out, in publick, I was condemn'd a Sforzato to the Gallies, for
poysoning the Cardinal Bembo's——Cook, hath at all attached, much
less dejected me. No, no, worthy Gent. (to tell you true) I cannot endure
to see the Rabble of these ground Ciarlitani, that spread their Cloaks on the
Pavement, as if they meant to do seats of Allevity, and then come in lamely,
with their mouldy tales out of Boccacio, like stale Tabarine, the Fabulist:
some of them discoursing their Travels, and of their tedious Captivity in the
Turks Gallies, when indeed (were the truth known) they were the Christian
Gallies, where very temperately, they eat Bread, and drank Water as a whole-
some Penance (enjoin'd them by their Confessors) for base Pilferies.

Pol. Note but his Bearing, and Contempt of these.

Volp. These surdy-facy-nasty-paty-dowfy-fartical Rogues, with one poor
greats-worth of un-prepar'd Antimony, finely wraps up in several Scartoc-
cior, are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and plays yet, these
meagre starv'd Spirits, who have half stop'd the Organs of their Minds with
earthy Oppilations, want not their Favourers among your shrivell'd, fallad-
eating Aitizens: who are overjoy'd, that they may have their half pennyworth
of Physick, though it purge 'em into another World, 't makes no matter.

Pol. Excellent! ha' you heard better Language, Sir?

Volp. Well, let 'em go. And Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, know, that
for this time, our Bank, being thus remov'd from the Clamours of the Ca-

glia, shall be the Scene of Pleasure and Delight: For, I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.

Pol. I told you, Sir, his end. Per. You did so, Sir.

Volp. I protest, I, and my six Servants, are not able to make of this precious Lignor, so fast as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging, by Gentlemen of your City; Strangers of the terra-firma; worshipful Merchants; ay, and Senators too: who, ever since my Arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendid Liberalities. And worthily. For, what avails your rich Man to have his Magazines stuf't with Moscadelli, or of the purest Grape, when his Physicians prescribe him (on pain of Death) to drink nothing but Water, colled with Anise-seeds? O, Health! Health! the Blessing of the Rich! the Riches of the Poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this World, without thee? Be not then so sparing of your Purse, honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of Life——

Per. You see his end? Pol. Ay, is't not good?

Volp. For, when a humid Flux, or Catarrhe, by the mutability of Air, falls from your Head, into an Arm, or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Duckat, or your Cecchine of Gold, and apply to the place affected: see, what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed Unguento, this rare Ex-traction, that hath only Power to disperse all malignant Humours that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy Causes——

Per. I would he had put in dry too. Pol. Pray you, observe.

Volp. To fortifie the most indigest and crude Stomach, Ay, were it of one that (through extream Weakness) vomited Blood, applying only a warm Napkin to the Place after the Uction and Fricace; for the Vertigine in the Head, putting but a Drop into your Nostrils, likewise behind the Ears; a most Sovereign and Approved Remedy: The Mal-caduco, Cramps, Convulsions, Paralysis, Epilepsies, Tremor-cordia, Retired Nerves, ill Vapours of the Spleen, Stoppings of the Liver, the Stone, the Strangury, Hernia ventosa, Iliaca passio; stops a Disenteria immediately; easeth the Torsion of the small Guts, and cures Melancholia Hypochondriaca, being taken and applied according to my printed Receipt. For, this is the Physician, this the Medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the Direction, this works the Effect: [Pointing to his Bill and his Glass.] And (in Sum) both together may be termed an Ab-sorbt of the Theorick and Practick in the Esculapian Art. 'Twill cost you eight Crowns. And, Zan Fritada, pritheee sing a Verse, extempore, in Honour of it.

Pol. How do you like him, Sir? Per. Most strangely, I!

Pol. Is not his Language rare? Per. But Alchimy, I never heard the like: Or Broughton's Books.

SONG.

HAD old Hippocrates, or Galen,
(That to their Books put Med'cines all in)
But known this Secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been Murderers of so much Paper,
'Or wasted many a burlesk Taper:

No Indian Drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, Sassafras not named;
Ne yet, of Guacum one small Stick, Sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's great Elixir.
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart;
Or Pausanias, with his long Sword.

Per. All this yet will not do; eight Crowns is high.

Volp. No more. Gentlemen, If I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous Effects of this my Oil, firnamed Oglio del Scoto; with the Countless Catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid, and many more Diseases; the Patents and Privileges of all the Princes and Commonwealths of Christendom; or but the Dispositions of those that appeared on my part before the Signiory of the Sanità, and most learned Colledge of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon Notice taken of the admirable Virtues of my Azediments, and mine own Excellency in Matter of rare and unknown Secrets, not only to disperse them publickly in this famous City, but in all the Territories that happily joy under the Government of the most pious and magnificent States of Italy. But may some other gallant Fellow say, O, there be divers that make Profession to have as good and as experimented Receipts as yours: Indeed, very many have assay'd, like Apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this Oil; bestow'd great Cost in Furnaces, Stills, Alembicks, continual Fires, and preparation of the Ingredients, (as indeed there goes to it six hundred several Simples, besides some quantity of humane Fat, for the Conglutination, which we buy of the Anatomists) but, when these Practitioners come to the last Decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: Ha, ha, ha. Poor Wretches! I rather pity their Folly, and Indiscretion, than their Loss of Time and Money; for those may be recovered by Industry: But to be a Fool born, is a Disease incurable. For my self, I always from my Youth have endeavour'd to get the rarest Secrets, and book them; either in Exchange, or for Money; I spared nor Cost nor Labour, where any thing was worthy to be learned. And, Gentlemen, honourable Gentlemen, I will undertake (by Vertue of Chymical Art) out of the honourable Hat that covers your Head, to extract the four Elements, that is to say, the Fire, Air, Water and Earth, and return you your Felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the Balloo, I have been at my Book: And am now past the craggy Paths of Study, and come to the flowry Plains of Honour and Reputation.

Pol. I do assure you, Sir, that is his Aim.

Volp. But, to our Price. Per. And that withal, Sir Pol.

Volp. You all know (honourable Gentlemen) I never valued this Ampulla, or Vial, at less than eight Crowns; but for this time, I am content, to be deprived of it for six; six Crowns is the Price; and less in Courtesy, I know you cannot offer me: Take it, or leave it; howsoever, both it and I am at your Service. I ask you not, at the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand Crowns, so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernelo, the great Duke of Tuscany, my Gossip, with divers other Princes have given me, but I despise Money: Only to shew my Affection to you, honourable Gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the Adressages of these Princes,

mine own Offices, fram'd my Journey hither, only to present you with the Fruits of my Travels. Tune your Voices once more to the touch of your Instruments, and give the honourable Assembly some delightful Recreation.

Per. What monstrous and most painful Circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four Gazettes!
Some three-pence, i'th' whole, for that 'twill come to

S O N G.

YOU that would last long, list to my Song.
Make no more Coyle, but buy of this Oyl.
Would you be ever Fair and Young?
Stout of Teeth, and strong of Tongue?
Tart of Palate, quick of Ear?
Sharp of Sight, of Nostril clear?
Moist of Hand, and light of Foot?
(Or I will come nearer to't)
Would you live free from all Diseases?
Do the All your Mistress pleases?
Yea, fright all Aches from your Bones?
Here's a Medicine for the Nonce.

Volp. Well, I am in a Humour (at this time) to make a Present of the small quantity my Coffer contains: To the Rich in Courtesy, and to the Poor for God's Sake. Wherefore now mark; I ask'd you six Crowns, and six Crowns at other times you have paid me; you shall not give me six Crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one, nor half a Duccat; no, nor a Mucchinigo: Six — Pence it will cost you, or six hundred Pound — expect no lower Price, for by the Banner of my From I will not bate a Bagatine, that I will have, only a Pledge of your Loves, no carry something from amongst you, to show I am not contemned by you. Therefore now toss your Handkerchiefs cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first Heroic Spirit that deigns to grace me with a Handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something besides, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double Pistol.

Per. Will you be that Heroick Spark, Sir Pol?
O see! the Window has prevented you.

[Celia at the Window throws down her Handkerchief.

Volp. Lady, I kiss your Bounty; and, for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my Oyl, a Secret of that high and inestimable Nature, shall make you for ever enamour'd on that Admire, wherein your Eye first descended on so mean (yet not altogether to be despis'd) an Object. Here is a Powder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand Volumes were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a Word; so short is this Pilgrimage of Adan (which some call Life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the Price? Why, the whole World were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private Purse, to the Purchase of it. I will only tell you, it is the Powder that made Venus a Goddess

Goddeſs (given her by Apollo) that kept her perpetually Young, clear'd her Wrinkles, firm'd her Gums, fill'd her Skin, colour'd her Hair; from her, deriv'd to Helen, and at the Sack of Troy (unfortunately) loſt: 'till now, in this our Age, it was as happily recover'd, by a ſtudious Antiquary, out of ſome Ruins of Aſia, who ſent a Adoiety of it to the Court of France (but much ſophiſticated) wherewith the Ladies there, now, colour their Hair. The reſt (at this preſent) remains with me, extract'd to a Quinteſſence: So that, wherever it but touches, in Youth, it perpetually preſerves; in Age, reſtores the Complexion; ſeats your Teeth, did they dance like virginal Jacks, firm as a Wall; makes them white as Ivory, that were black as —

SCENE III.

Corvino, Politick, and Peregrine.

Cor. 'Spight o'the Devil, and my Shame! come down, here;
Come down: No Houſe but mine to make your Scene?
Signior Flaminio, will you down, Sir? down?
What is my Wife your *Franciſcina*? Sir?
No Windows on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your Properties, but mine? but mine?
'Heart! e'er to Morrow I ſhall be new chriſten'd,
And call'd the *Pantalone di Beſognoſi*
About the Town. Per. What ſhould this mean, Sir Pol?
Pol. Some Trick of State, believe it. I will home.
Per. It may be ſome Deſign on you. Pol. I know not.
I'll ſtand upon my Guard. Per. 'Tis your beſt, Sir.
Pol. This three Weeks, all my Advices, all my Letters,
They have been intercepted. Per. Indeed, Sir?
Beſt have a care. Pol. Nay, ſo I will. Per. This Knight,
I may not loſe him, for my Mirth, 'till Night.

SCENE IV.

Volpone and Moſca.

Volp. O, I am wounded. Moſ. Where, Sir? Volp. Not without;
Thoſe Blows were nothing: I could bear them ever,
But angry Cupid, bolting from her Eyes,
Hath ſhot himſelf into me, like a Flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat,
As in a Furnace, ſome ambitious Fire,
Whoſe Vent is ſtop'd. The Fight is all within me.
I cannot live, except thou help me, Moſca;
My Liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of ſome ſoft Air, from her reſreſhing Breath,
Am but a heap of Cinders. Moſ. 'Tis, good Sir,
Would you had never ſeen her. Volp. Nay, would thou
Hadſt never told me of her. Moſ. Sir, 'tis true;

I do confess I was unfortunate,
And you unhappy : but I'm bound in Conscience,
No less than Duty, to effect my best
To your release of Torment; and I will, Sir.

Mosca. Dear *Mosca*, shall I hope? *Mos.* Sir, more than dear,
I will not bid you to despair of ought,
Within a humane compass. *Volp.* O, there spoke
My better Angel. *Mosca*, take my Keys,
Gold, Plate and Jewels, all's at thy Devotion;
Employ them how thou wilt; nay, coin me too:
So thou, in this, but crown my Longings. *Mosca?*

Mos. Use but your Patience. *Volp.* So I have. *Mos.* I doubt not
To bring Success to your Desires. *Volp.* Nay, then,
I not repent me of my late Disguise.

Mos. If you can horn him, Sir, you need not. *Volp.* True:
Besides, I never meant him for my Heir.

Is not the colour o'my Beard, and Eye-brows,
To make me known? *Mos.* No jot. *Volp.* I did it well.

Mos. So well, would I could follow you in mine,
With half the Happiness; and, yet, I would
Escape your Epilogue. *Volp.* But, were they gull'd
With a belief, that I was *Scoto*? *Mos.* Sir,
Scoto himself could hardly have distinguish'd!
I have not time to flatter you now, we'll part:
And, as I prosper, so applaud my Art.

SCENE V.

Corvino, Celia, and Servitors.

Corv. Death of mine Honour, with the City's Fool?
A Juggling, Tooth-drawing, Prating Mountebank?
And, at a publick Window? where whilst he,
With his strain'd Action, and his dole of Faces,
To his Drug-lecture draws your itching Ears,
A Crew of old, unmarried, noted Lechers,
Stood leering up, like *Satyrs*; and you smile
Most graciously! and fan your Favours forth,
To give your hot Spectators satisfaction!
What, was your Mountebank their Call? their Whistle?
Or were you enamour'd on his copper Rings?
His saffron Jewel, with the Toad-stone in't?
Or his embroider'd Sute, with the Cope-itch,
Made of a Heric-cloth? or his old Tilt-feather?
Or his starch'd Beard? well! you shall have him, yes.
He shall come home, and minister unto you
The Fricace for the Mother, Or, let me see,
I think, you had rather mount? would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes truly, you may:
And so you may be seen down to th' Foot.

Get you to a Cittern, Lady *Vanity*,
And be a dealer with the virtuous Man?
Make one: I'll but protest my self a Cuckold,
And save your Dowry. I am a *Dutchman*, I!
For, if you thought me an *Italian*,
You would be Damn'd, e'er you did this, you Whore:
Thou'dst tremble, to imagine, that the Murder
Of Father, Mother, Brother, all thy Race,
Should follow, as the Subject of my Justice!

Cel. Good Sir, have Patience! *Corv.* What couldst thou propose
Less to thy self, than in this heat of Wrath,
And stung with my Dishonour, I should strike
This Steel into thee, with as many Stabs
As thou wert gaz'd upon with goatish Eyes?

Cel. Alas, Sir, be pleas'd! I could not think
My being at the Window should more, now,
Move your Impatience, than at other times.

Corv. No! not to seek and entertain a Parley
With a known Knave? before a Multitude?
You were an Actor, with your Handkerchief!
Which he, most sweetly kiss'd in the Receipt,
And might (no doubt) return it with a Letter,
And 'point the Place where you might meet: Your Sisters,
Your Mothers, or your Aunts might serve the turn.

Cel. Why, dear Sir, when do I make these Excuses?
Or ever stir abroad, but to the Church?
And that, so seldom—— *Corv.* Well, it shall be less;
And thy Restraint, before, was Liberty,
To what I now decree: and therefore, mark me.
First, I will have this bawdy Light dam'd up;
And, 'till't be done, some two or three Yards off
I'll chalk a Line; o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desperate Foot, more Hell, more Horror,
More wild remorseless Raps shall seize on thee,
Than on a Conjuror, that had heedless left
His Circle's safety, e'er his Devil was laid.
Then here's a Lock, which I will hang upon thee;
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy Lodging shall be backwards; thy Walks backwards;
Thy Prospect all be backwards; and no Pleasure,
That thou shalt know but backwards: Nay, since you force
My honest Nature, know, it is your own
Being too open, makes me use you thus.
Since you will not contain your subtle Nostrils
In a sweet Room, but they must snuff the Air
Of rank and sweaty Passengers——One knocks.
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy Life;
Not look toward the Window: if thou dost——
(Nay, stay, hear this) let me not prosper, Whore,
But I will make thee an Anatomy,

[Knock within.]

Dissest

Dissect thee mine own self, and read a Lecture
Upon thee, to the City, and in publick.
Away. Who's there? Ser. 'Tis Signior Mosca, Sir.

S C E N E VI.

Corvino and Mosca.

Corv. Let him come in, his Master's Dead: There's yet
Some good to help the bad. My *Mosca*, welcome,
I gues your News. *Mos.* I fear you cannot, Sir.

Corv. Is't not his Death? *Mos.* Rather the contrary.

Corv. Not his Recovery? *Mos.* Yes, Sir. *Corv.* I am curs'd,
I am bewitch'd, my Crosses meet to vex me.
How? How? How? How? *Mos.* Why, Sir, with *Scoto's Oyl*
Corbaccio and *Vokore* brought of it,
Whilst I was busie in an inner Room——

Corv. Death! That damn'd Mountebank! But, for the Law,
Now I could kill the Rascal: 'T cannot be,
His Oyl should have that Vertue. Ha' not I
Known him, a common Rogue, come Fiddling in
To th'*Ostleria* with a tumbling Whore;
And, when he has done all his forc'd Tricks, been glad
Of a poor Spoonful of dead Wine with Flies in't?
It cannot be. All his Ingredients

Are a Sheep's Gall, a roasted Bitch's Marrow,
Some few sod Earwigs, pounded Caterpillars,
A little Capon's Grease, and Falting Spittle:
I know 'em to a Dram. *Mos.* I know not, Sir;
But some on't, there they power'd into his Ears,
Some in his Nostrils, and recover'd him;
Applying but the Fricace. *Corv.* Pox o' that Fricace.

Mos. And since, to seem the more Officious,
And flat'ring of his Health, there, they have had
(At extreme Fees) the College of Physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him;
Where one would have a Cataplasme of Spices,
Another, a flay'd Ape clapp'd to his Breast,
A third would ha' it a Dog, a fourth an Oyl
With wild Car's Skin; at last, they all resolved
That, to preserve him, was no other means
But some young Woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty, and full of Juice, to Sleep by him;
And, to this Service (most unhappily,
And most unwillingly) am I now employ'd,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your Advice, since it concerns you most,
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependance, Sir:

Yet,

Yet, if I do it not, they may delate
My Slackness to my Patron, work me out
Of his Opinion; and there, all your Hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate.
I do but tell you, Sir. Besides, they are all
Now striving, who shall first present him. Therefore——
I could intreat you, briefly, conclude somewhat:
Prevent 'em if you can. *Corv.* Death to my hopes!

This is my villanous Fortune! Best to hire
Some common Courtezan? *Mos.* Ay, I thought on that, Sir.

But they are all so subtile, full of Art,
And Age again doting and flexible,
So as——I cannot tell——we may perchance

Light on a Quean may cheat us all. *Corv.* 'Tis true.

Mos. No, no; it must be one that has no Tricks, Sir,
Some simple Thing, a Creature made unto it;
Some Wench you may command. Ha' you no Kinswoman?
Gad so——Think, think, think, think, think, think, Sir.
One o'th' Doctors offer'd there his Daughter.

Corv. How! *Mos.* Yes, Signior Lupo, the Physician.

Corv. His Daughter? *Mos.* And a Virgin, Sir. Why? Alas,
He knows the State of 's Body, what it is;
That nought can warm his Blood, Sir, but a Fever;
Nor any Incantation raise his Spirit:
A long Forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, Sir, who shall know it? some one or two——

Corv. I pr'y thee, give me Leave. If any Man
But I had had this Luck——The thing in't self,
I know, is nothing——Wherefore should not I
As well command my Blood, and my Affections,
As this dull Doctor? In the point of Honour,
The Cases are all one, of Wife and Daughter.

Mos. I hear him coming. *Corv.* She shall do't: 'Tis done.
'Slight, if this Doctor, who is not engag'd,
Unless't be for his Counsel (which is nothing)
Offer his Daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in't I will prevent him, Wretch!
Covetous Wretch! *Mosca,* I have determined.

Mos. How, Sir? *Corv.* We'll make all sure. The Party you wot of,
Shall be mine own Wife, *Mosca.* *Mos.* Sir, the thing
(But that I would not seem to counsel you)
I should have mention'd to you at the first:
And make your count, you have cut all their Throats.
Why! 'tis directly taking a Possession!

And, in his next Fit, we may let him go,
'Tis but to pull the Pillow from his Head,
And he is throttled: 't had been done before,
But for your scrupulous Doubts. *Corv.* Ay, a Plague on't,
E

My Conscience fools my Wit. Well, I'll be brief,
 And so be thou, lest they should be before us.
 Go home, prepare him, tell him with what Zeal
 And Willingness I do it; swear it was,
 On the first hearing (as thou mayst do, truly)
 Mine own free Motion. *Mos.* Sir, I warrant you,
 I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
 Of his starv'd Clients shall be banish'd all;
 And only you receiv'd. But come not, Sir,
 Until I send, for I have something else
 To ripen for your good (you must not know't.)
Corv. But do not you forget to send now. *Mos.* Fear not.

S C E N E VII.

Corvino and Celia.

Corv. Where are you, Wife? my Celia? Wife? what, blubbering?
 Come, dry those Tears. I think, thou thought'st me in earnest?
 Ha? by this Light, I talk'd so but to try thee.
 Methinks the Lightness of the occasion
 Should ha' confirm'd thee. Come, I am not jealous.

Cel. No? *Corv.* Faith, I am not, I, nor never was:
 It is a poor, unprofitable Humour.
 Do not I know, if Women have a Will,
 They'll do 'gainst all the Watches o'the World?
 And that the fiercest Spits are tam'd with Gold?
 Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't:
 And see, I'll give thee Cause too, to believe it.
 Come, kiss me. Go and make thee ready straight,
 In all thy best Attire, thy choicest Jewels,
 Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best Looks:
 We are invited to a solemn Feast,
 At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
 How far I'm free from Jealousie or Fear.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

MOSCA.

Mos. I Fear I shall begin to grow in Love
 With my dear self, and my most prosperous Parts,
 They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
 A Whimfie i' my Blood: (I know not how)
 Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
 Out of my Skin now, like a subtle Snake,
 I am so limber. O! Your Parasite

Is a most precious thing, dropt from above,
Not bred 'mongst Clouds and Clot-poles here on Earth:
I muse, the Mystery was not made a Science,
It is so liberally profest! almost
All the wise World is little else in Nature,
But Parasites, or Sub-parasites. And yet,
I mean not those that have your bare Town-Art,
To know who's fit to feed 'em; have no House,
No Family, no Care, and therefore mould
Tales for Mens Ears, to bait that Sense; or get
Kitchen-Invention, and some stale Receipts
To please the Belly, and the Groing nor those,
With their Court-dog Tricks, that can fawn and flect,
Make their Revenue out of Legs and Faces,
Eccho my Lord, and lick away a Moth:
But your fine, elegant Rascal, that can rise,
And stoop (almost together) like an Arrow;
Shoot through the Air as nimbly as a Star;
Turn short, as doth a Swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once;
Present to any Humour, all Occasion;
And change a Visor, swifter than a Thought!
This is the Creature, had the Art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent Nature: And such Sparks
Are the true Parasites, others but their *Zan's*.

SCENE III.

Mosca and Bonario.

Mos. Who's this? *Bonario* ? old *Corbaccio's* Son?
The Person I was bound to seek. Fair Sir,

You are haply met. *Bon.* That cannot be, by thee.

Mos. Why, Sir? *Bon.* Nay, pr'y thee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loath to inter-change Discourse,

With such a Mate as thou art. *Mos.* Courteous Sir,

Scorn not my Poverty. *Bon.* Not I, by Heav'n:

But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy Baseness.

Mos. Baseness? *Bon.* Ay, answer me, is not thy Sloth
Sufficient Argument? thy Flattery?

Thy Means of feeding? *Mos.* Heav'n, be good to me.

These Imputations are too common, Sir,

And easily stuck on Virtue, when she's poor;

You are unequal to me, and how e'er

Your Sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,

That, e'er you know me, thus proceed in Censure:

St. *Mark* bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman.

Bon. What? does he weep? the Sign is lost and good!

I do repent me, that I was so harsh.

Mos. 'Tis true, that, sway'd by strong Necessity,
I am enforc'd to eat my careful Bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor Rayment
Out of my meer Observance, being not born
To a free Fortune; but that I have done
Base Offices, in rending Friends asunder,
Dividing Families, betraying Counsels,
Whispering false Lies, or mining Men with Praises,
Train'd their Credulity with Perjuries,
Corrupted Chastity, or am in Love
With mine own tender Ease, but would not rather
Prove the most rugged and laborious Course,
That might redeem my present Estimation;
Let me here perish in all hope of Goodness.

Bon. This cannot be a personated Passion!
I was to blame, so to mistake thy Nature;
Prithee forgive me; and speak out thy Business.

Mos. Sir, it concerns you; and though I may seem
At first to make a main Offence in Manners,
And in my Gratitude unto my Master;
Yet, for the pure Love which I bear all Right,
And hatred of the Wrong, I must reveal it.
This very hour, your Father is in purpose
To disinherit you—*Bon.* How! *Mos.* And thrust you forth,
As a meer Stranger to his Blood; 'tis true, Sir:
The Work no way engageth me, but, as
I claim an Interest in the general State
Of Goodness and true Virtue, which I hear
T'abound in you: And, for which meer Respect,
Without a second Aim, Sir, I have done it.

Bon. This Tale hath lost thee much of the late Trust
Thou hadst with me; it is impossible:
I know not how to lend it any Thought,
My Father should be so unnatural.

Mos. It is a Confidence that well becomes
Your Piety; and form'd (no doubt) it is
From your own simple Innocence; which makes
Your Wrong more monstrous and abhor'd. But, Sir,
I now will tell you more. This very Minute,
It is, or will be doing: And, if you
Shall be but pleas'd to go with me, I'll bring you,
(I dare not say where you shall see, but) where
Your Ear shall be a Witness of the Deed;
Hear your self written Bastard; and profess
The common Issue of the Earth. *Bon.* I'm 'mar'd!

Mos. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just Sword,
And score your Vengeance on my Front and Face;

Mark me your Villain: You have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, Sir. My Heart
Weeps Blood, in anguish—— Bon. Lead. I follow thee.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Nano, Androgyno, and Castrone.

Volp. *Mosca* stays long, methinks. Bring forth your Sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.

Nan. Dwarf, Fool and Eunuch, well met here we be.
*A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known Delicates of a rich Man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can?*

Cal. I claim for my self. *And.* And so doth the Fool.

Nan. 'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to School.
*First, for your Dwarf, he's little, and witty,
And every thing, as it is little, is pretty;
Else, why do Men say to a Creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, it's a pretty little Ape?
And why a pretty Ape? but for pleasing Imitation
Of greater Mens Actions, in a ridiculous Fashion.
Beside, this feat Body of mine doth not crave
Half the Meat, Drink and Cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your Fool's Face be the Mother of Laughter,
Yet, for his Brain, it must always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His Body is beholding to such a bad Face.*

Volp. Who's there? my Couch, away, look, *Nano*, see: [One knocks,
Give me my Caps, first—go, enquire. Now, *Cupid*,
Send it be *Mosca*, and with fair return.

Nan. It is the beauteous Madam—— *Volp.* Would-be——is it?

Nan. The same. *Volp.* Now, Torment on me; 'Squire her in:
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever.
Nay, quickly, that my Fit were past. I fear
A second Hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my Appetite to the other:
Would she were taking, now, her tedious Leave.
Lord, how it threatens me, what I am to suffer!

SCENE IV.

Lady, Volpone, Nano, and two Women.

Lady. I thank you, good Sir. 'Pray you signifie
Unto your Patron, I am here. This Band
Shews not my Neck enough (I trouble you, Sir,
Let me request you, bid one of my Women
Come hither to me) in good faith, I am drest

Most favourably to day; it is no matter,
 'Tis well enough. Look, see, these petulant things!
 How they have done this! *Volp.* I do feel the Fever
 Ent'ring in at mine Ears; O, for a Charm
 To fright it hence. *Lady.* Come nearer: is this Curl
 In his right place? or this? why is this higher
 Than all the rest? you ha' not wash'd your Eyes yet?
 Or do they not stand even i' your Head?
 Where's your Fellow? call her. *Nan.* Now, St. Mark
 Deliver us; anon she'll beat her Women,
 Because her Nose is red. *Lady.* I pray you, view
 This Tire, Forsooth: are all things apt, or no?

Wom. One Hair a little, here, sticks out, Forsooth.

Lady. Does't so, Forsooth? and where was your dear Sight
 When it did so, Forsooth? what now? Bird-ey'd?
 And you too? 'pray you both approach, and mend it.
 Now (by that light) I muse, you're not alham'd!
 I, that have preach'd these things so oft unto you,
 Read you the Principles, argu'd all the Grounds,
 Disputed every Fitness, every Grace,
 Call'd you to Counsel of so frequent Dressings——

(*Nan.* More carefully, than of your Fame or Honour.)

Lady. Made you acquainted, what an ample Dowry
 The knowledge of these things would be unto you,
 Able, alone, to get you noble Husbands
 At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
 Besides, you seeing what a curious Nation
 Th' *Italians* are, what will they say of me?
 The *English* Lady cannot dress her self;
 Here's a fine Imputation to our Country!
 Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
 This *Fucus* was too coarse too, it's no matter.

Good Sir, you'll give 'em Entertainment?

Volp. The Storm comes toward me. *Lady.* How does my *Volp*?

Volp. Troubled with Noise, I cannot sleep: I dream'd
 That a strange *Fury* entred, now, my House,
 And, with the dreadful Tempest of her Breath,
 Did cleave my Roof asunder. *Lady.* Believe me, and I
 Had the most fearful Dream, could I remember't——

Volp. Out on my Fate; I ha' given her the occasion
 How to torment me: she will tell me hers.

Lady. Methought, the golden Mediocrity
 Polite and delicate—— *Volp.* O, if yo dou love me,
 No more; I swear, and suffer, at the mention
 Of any Dream; feel, how I tremble yet.

Lady. Alas, good Soul! the Passion of the Heart,
 Seed-pearl were good now, boild with Syrup of Apples,
 Tincture of Gold, and Coral, Citron-pile,
 Your Elicampane Root, Myrobalanes——

Volp.

Volp. Ah me, I have ta'en a Grasshopper by the Wing.

Lady. Burnt Silk, and Amber, you have Mustard!
Good i'the House—— *Volp.* You will not drink, and part?

Lady. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get
Some *English* Saffron (half a Drachm would serve)
Your sixteen Cloves, a little Musk, dry'd Mints,
Bugloss, and Barly-Meal—— *Volp.* She's in again;
Before I feign'd Diseases, now I have one.

Lady. And these apply'd, with a right Scarlet-cloth——

Volp. Another flood of Words! a very Torrent!

Lady. Shall I, Sir, make you a Poultice? *Volp.* No, no, no;
I'm very well: you need prescribe no more.

Lady. I have a little studied Physick; but now
I'm all for Musick; save, i'the Forenoons,
An hour or two, for Painting. I would have
A Lady, indeed, t'have all, Letters and Arts,
Be able to Discourse, to Write, to Paint,
But principal (as *Plato* holds) your Musick
(And so does wise *Pythagoras*, I take it)
Is your true Rapture; when there is Consent
In Face, in Voice, and Clothes; and is indeed,
Our Sex's chiefest Ornament. *Volp.* The Poet,
As old in time as *Plato*, and as knowing,
Says, that your highest Female Grace is Silence.

Lady. Which o'your Poets? *Petrarch*? or *Tasso*? or *Dante*?
Guerrini? *Ariosto*? *Aretine*?
Cicco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Volp. Is every thing a Cause to my Destruction?

Lady. I think, I ha' two or three of 'em about me.

Volp. The Sun, the Sea, will sooner both stand still,
Than her eternal Tongue! nothing can 'scape it.

Lady. Here's *Pastor Fido*.—— *Volp.* Profest obstinate Silence;

That's now my safest. *Lady.* All our *English* Writers,

I mean such as are happy in th' *Italian*,

Will deign to steal out of this Author, mainly;

Almost as much, as from *Montaigne*:

He has so Modern and Facile a Vein,

Fitting the time, and catching the Court-ear;

Your *Petrarch* is more passionate, yet he,

In Days of Sonnetting, trusting 'em, with much:

Dante is hard, and few can understand him.

But, for a desperate Wit, there's *Aretine*!

Only, his Pictures are a little Obscene——

You mark me not? *Volp.* Alas, my Mind's perturb'd.

Lady. Why, in such cases, we must cure our selves,
Make use of our Philosophy—— *Volp.* Oh me!

Lady. And, as we find our Passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with Reason, or divert 'em,
By giving scope unto some other Humour

Of lesser danger; as, in Politick Bodies,
 There's nothing more doth over-whelm the Judgment,
 And clouds the Understanding, than too much
 Settling and fixing, and (as 'twere) subsiding
 Upon one Object. For the incorporating
 Of these same outward things, into that part,
 Which we call Mental, leaves some certain Facets
 That stop the Organs, and, as *Plato* says,
 Assassinate our Knowledge. *Volp.* Now, the Spirit
 Of Patience help me. *Lady.* Come, in faith I must

Visit you more a-days, and make you well:
 Laugh, and be lusty. *Volp.* My good Angels save me.

Lady. There was but one sole Man in all the World,
 With whom I e'er could Sympathise; and he
 Would lye you often three or four Hours together
 To hear me speak; and be (sometime) so rap'd,
 As he would answer me quite from the purpose
 Like you, and you are like him, just. I'll Discourse
 (And't be but only, Sir, to bring you a-sleep)
 How we did spend our Time and Loves together,
 For some six Years. *Volp.* Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Lady. For we were *Constanti*, and brought up——

Volp. Some Power, some Fate, some Fortune rescue me.

SCENE V.

Mosca, Lady, and Volpone.

Mos. God save you, Madam. *Lady.* Good Sir. *Volp.* *Mosca*? welcome,
 Welcome to my Redemption. *Mos.* Why, Sir? *Volp.* Oh,

Rid me of this my Torture, quickly, there;
 My Madam, with the everlasting Voice:
 The Bells, in time of Pestilence, ne'er made
 Like Noise, or were in that perpetual Motion!
 The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my House,
 But now, steam'd like a Bath with her thick Breath.
 A Lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
 Another Woman, such a hail of Words
 She has let fall. For Hell's sake rid her hence.

Mos. Has she presented? *Volp.* O, I do not care,
 I'll take her Absence upon any Price,

With any Loss. *Mos.* Madam—— *Lady.* I ha' brought your Patron
 A Toy, a Cap here, of mine own work—— *Mos.* 'Tis well.

I had forgot to tell you, I saw your Knight
 Where you'd little think it—— *Lady.* Where? *Mos.* Marry,
 Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
 Rowing upon the Water in a Gondola,
 With the most cunning Courtesan of Venice.

Lady.

Lady. Is't true? *Mof.* Pursue 'em, and believe your Eyes:
 Leave me to make your Gift. I knew 'twould take.
 For lightly they that use themselves most Licence,
 Are still most jealous. *Volp.* *Mofca*, hearty thanks,
 For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me.
 Now to my hopes, what sayest thou? *Lady.* But do you hear, Sir? —
Volp. Again; I fear a Paroxism. *Lady.* Which way
 Row'd they together? *Mof.* Toward the *Rialto*.
Lady. I pray you lend me your Dwarf. *Mof.* I pray you take him:
 Your hopes, Sir, are like happy Blossoms fair,
 And promise timely Fruit, if you will stay
 But the Maturing; keep you at your Couch,
Corbaccio will arrive strait with the Will:
 When he is gone, I'll tell you more. *Volp.* My Blood,
 My Spirits are returned; I am alive:
 And like your wanton Gamester at *Primero*,
 Whose thought had whisper'd, to him not go less.
 Methinks I lye and draw ——— for an Encounter.

SCENE VI.

Mofca and *Bonario*.

Mof. Sir, here conceal'd you may hear all. But 'pray you
 Have Patience, Sir; the same's your Father knocks: [One knocks.
 I am compell'd to leave you. *Bon.* Do so. Yet
 Cannot my Thought imagine this a Truth.

SCENE VII.

Mofca, *Corvino*, *Celia*, *Bonario*, and *Volpone*.

Mof. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you,
 Did not I say I would send? *Corv.* Yes, but I fear'd
 You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mof. Prevent? Did e'er Man haste so for his Horns?
 A Courtier would not ply it so for a Place.
 Well, now there's no helping it, stay here,
 I'll presently return. *Corv.* Where are you, *Celia*?
 You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
Cel. Not well, except you told me. *Corv.* Now I will:
 Hark hither. *Mof.* Sir, Your Father hath sent Word, [To *Bonario*.
 It will be half an Hour e'er he come;
 And therefore, if you please to walk the while
 Into that Gallery ——— at the upper end,
 There are some Books to entertain the time:
 And I'll take care no Man shall come unto you, Sir.
Bon. Yes, I will stay there. I do doubt this Fellow.
Mof. There, he is far enough; he can hear nothing:

And, for his Father, I can keep him off.

Corv. Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed.

It must be done. Nor would I move't afore,
Because I would avoid all Shifts and Tricks

That might deny me. *Cel.* Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange Trials; if you doubt
My Chastity, why lock me up for ever:

Make me the Heir of Darkness. Let me live
Where I may please your Fears, if not your Trust.

Corv. Believe it, I have no such Humour, I.

All that I speak I mean, yet I am not Mad;
Not horn-mad, see you. Go too, shew your self
Obedient, and a Wife. *Cel.* O Heav'n!

Corv. I say it,
Do so. *Cel.* Was this the Train? *Corv.* I have told you reasons;

What the Physicians have set down; how much

It may concern me; what my Engagements are;

My Means; and the Necessity of those Means

For my Recovery: Wherefore, if you be
Loyal, and mine, be won, respect my Venture.

Cel. Before your Honour? *Corv.* Honour? Tut, a Breath;

There's no such thing in Nature: A meer Term

Invented to awe Fools. What is my Gold

The worse, for Touching? Cloaths, for being look'd on?

Why, this's no more. An old decrepit Wretch,

That has no Sense, no Sinew; takes his Meat

With others Fingers; only knows to Gape

When you do scald his Gums; a Voice; a Shadow;

And, what can this Man hurt you? *Cel.* Lord! what Spirit

Is this hath entred him? *Corv.* And for your Fame,

That's such a Jig; as if I would go tell it,

Cry it, on the Piazza! Who shall know it?

But he, that cannot speak it; and this Fellow,

Whose Lips are in my Pocket: Save your self,

If you'll proclaim't you may. I know no other,

Should come to know it. *Cel.* Are Heav'n and Saints then nothing?

Will they be blind or stupid? *Corv.* How? *Cel.* Good Sir,

Be jealous still, emulate them; and think

What hate they burn with toward every Sin.

Corv. I grant you; if I thought it were a Sin,

I would not urge you. Should I offer this

To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan Blood,

That had read *Aretine*, conn'd all his Prints,

Knew every quirk within Lust's Labyrinth,

And were profess'd Critick in Litchery;

And I would look upon him, and applaud him,

This were a Sin: But here, 'tis contrary;

A pious Work, meer Charity, for Physick,

An honest Polity, to assure mine own.

Cel. O Heav'n! canst thou suffer such a Change?

Volp. Thou art mine Honour, *Mosca*, and my Pride;
My Joy, my Tickling, my Delight! go, bring 'em.

Mos. Please you draw near, Sir. *Corv.* Come on, what
You will not be Rebellous? by that Light

Mos. Sir, Signior *Corvino*, here, is come to see you.

Volp. Oh. *Mos.* And hearing of the Consultation had,
So lately, for your Health, is come to offer,
Or rather, Sir, to Prostitute — *Corv.* Thanks, sweet *Mosca*.

Mos. Freely, un-ask'd, or un-intreated — *Corv.* Well.

Mos. (As the true, fervent instance of his Love)

His own most fair and proper Wife; the Beauty,
Only of Price, in *Venice* — *Corv.* 'Tis well urg'd.

Mos. To be your Comfortress, and to preserve you.

Volp. Alas, I am past already! 'pray you, thank him,
For his good Care, and Promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain Labour, e'en to fight 'gainst Heav'n;
Applying Fire to a Stone: (uh, uh, uh, uh.)

Making a dead Leaf grow again. I take
His Wishes gently, though; and you may tell him,
What I've done for him: marry, my State is hopeless!
Will him to pray for me; and t' use his Fortune,
With reverence, when he comes to't. *Mos.* Do you hear, Sir?
Go to him, with your Wife. *Corv.* Heart of my Father!
Wilt thou persist thus? come, I pray thee come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, *Celia.* By this Hand,
I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.

Cel. Sir, kill me rather: I will take down Poison,
Eat burning Coals, do any thing — *Corv.* Be damn'd.
(Heart) I will drag thee hence, home, by the Hair;
Cry thee a Strumpet, through the Streets; rip up
Thy Mouth, unto thine Ears; and slit thy Nose,
Like a raw Rotchet — Do not tempt me, come.
Yield, I am loth — (Death) I will buy some Slave,
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him, alive;
And at my Window hang you forth; devising
Some monstrous Crime, which I, in capital Letters,
Will eat into thy Flesh with *Aqua-fortis*,
And burning Cor'sives, on this stubborn Breast.
Now, by the Blood thou hast incens'd, I'll do't.

Cel. Sir, what you please you may, I am your Martyr.

Corv. Be not thus Obstinate, I ha' not deserv'd it:
Think who it is intreats you. 'Pr'y thee, Sweet;
(Good faith) thou shalt have Jewels, Gowns, Attires,
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him,
Or touch him, but, For my sake, At my Suit.
This once. Not not? I shall remember this.

Will you Disgrace me, thus? do you thirst my undoing?

Mos. Nay, gentle Lady, be advis'd. *Corv.* No, no.

She has watch'd her time. God's precious, this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy: and you are — *Mos.* Nay, good, Sir.

Corv. An errant Locust, by Heav'n, a Locust. Whore,
Crocodile, that hast thy Tears prepar'd,
Expecting how thou'lt bid 'em flow. *Mos.* Nay, 'pray you, Sir,
She will consider. *Cel.* Would my Life wou'd serve
To satisfie. *Corv.* (S death) if she would but speak to him,
And save my Reputation, 'twere somewhat;
But, spitefully to affect my utter Ruin.

Mos. Ay, now you have put your Fortune in her Hands.
Why 'saith, it is her Modesty, I must quit her;
If you were absent, she would be more coming;
I know it; and dare undertake for her.

What Woman can, before her Husband? 'pray you,
Let us depart, and leave her here. *Corv.* Sweet *Celia*,
Thou may'st Redeem all, yet; I'll say no more:
If not, esteem your self as lost. Nay, stay there.

Cel. O God, and his good Angels! whither, whither
Is Shame fled Human Breasts? that with such Ease
Men dare put off your Honours, and their own?
Is that, which ever was a Cause of Life,
Now plac'd beneath the basest Circumstance?
And Modesty an Exile made, for Mony?

Volp. Ay, in *Corvino*, and such Earth-fed Minds, [*Leaping off from his Couch.*]
That never tasted the true Heav'n of Love.

Affure thee, *Celia*, he that would sell thee,
Only for hope of Gain, and that uncertain,
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready Mony, had he met a Copc-man.
Why art thou 'maz'd, to see me thus reviv'd?
Rather applaud thy Beauty's Miracle;
'Tis thy great Work: that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times, rais'd me, in several Shapes,
And, but this Morning, like a Mountebank,
To see thee at thy Window. Ay, before
I would have left my Practice, for thy Love,
In varying Figures, I would have contended
With the Blue *Proteus*, or the Horned *Flood*.
Now art thou welcome. *Cel.* Sir! *Volp.* Nay, fly me not.
Nor, let thy false Imagination

That I was Bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am, now, as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as Jovial plight,
As when (in that so Celebrated *Scene*,
At Recitation of our Comedy,
For Entertainment of the great *Valois*)

I acted young *Antinous*; and attracted
The Eyes and Ears of all the Ladies, present,
'T'admire each graceful Gesture, Note, and Footing.

S O N G.

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the Sports of Love;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He, at length, our Good will sever;
 Spend not then his Gifts in vain.
 Suns, that set, may rise again:
 But if once we lose this Light,
 'Tis with us perpetual Night.
 Why should we defer our Joys?
 Fame and Rumour are but Toys.
 Cannot we delude the Eyes
 Of a few poor Household Spies?
 Or his easier Ears beguile,
 Thus removed by our Wile?
 'Tis no Sin Love's Fruits to steal;
 But the sweet Thefts to reveal:
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have Crimes accounted been.

Cel. Some Serene blast me, or dire Lightning strike
 This my offending Face. *Volp.* Why droops my Celia?
 Thou hast, in place of a base Husband, found
 A worthy Lover: Use thy Fortune well,
 With Secresie and Pleasure. See, behold,
 What thou art Queen of; not in Expectation,
 As I feed others; but possess'd and crown'd.
 See here, a Rope of Pearls; and each more orient
 Than that the brave Egyptian Queen carous'd:
 Dissolve, and drink 'em. See, a Carbuncle,
 May put out both the Eyes of our St. Mark;
 A Diamond, would have bought Lollia Paulina,
 When she came in, like Star-light, hid with Jewels,
 That were the Spoils of Provinces; take these,
 And wear, and lose 'em; yet remains an Ear-ring
 To purchase them again, and this whole State.
 A Gem, but worth a private Patrimony,
 Is nothing: We will eat such at a Meal.
 The Heads of Parrats, Tongues of Nightingales,
 The Brains of Peacocks, and of Estriches,
 Shall be our Food; and, could we get the Phoenix,
 (Tho' Nature lost her kind) she were our Dish.

Cel. Good Sir, these things might move a Mind affected
 With such Delights; but I, whose Innocence
 Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
 And which once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
 Cannot be taken with these sensual Baits:

If you have Conscience——*Volp.* 'Tis the Beggar's Virtue,
If thou hast Wisdom, hear me, *Celia*.

Thy Baths shall be the Juice of *July-Flowers*,
Spirit of *Roses*, and of *Violets*,
The Milk of *Unicorns*, and *Panther's Breath*
Gather'd in Bags, and mix'd with *Cretan Wines*.
Our Drink shall be prepared Gold, and Amber;
Which we will take, until my Roof whirl round
With the *Vertigo*: And my Dwarf shall dance,
My Eunuch sing, my Fool make up the Antick.
Whilst we in changed Shapes act *Ovid's Tales*,
Thou, like *Europa* now, and I like *Jove*;
Then I like *Mars*, and thou like *Erycine*;
So of the rest, 'till we have quite run through,
And weary'd all the Fables of the Gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern Forms,
Attired like some sprightly Dame of *France*,
Brave *Tuscan Lady*, or proud *Spanish Beauty*;
Sometimes unto the *Persian Sophy's Wife*;
Or the Grand Signior's Mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful Courtizans,
Or some quick *Negro*, or cold *Russian*;
And I will meet thee in as many Shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wandering Souls
Out at our Lips, and score up Sums of Pleasures,

*That the Curious shall not know
How to tell them as they flow;
And the Envious, when they find
What their Number is, be pin'd.*

Cel. If you have Ears that will be pierc'd, or Eyes
That can be open'd; a Heart, may be touch'd;
Or any Part that yet sounds Man about you;
If you have touch of holy Saints, or Heav'n,
Do me the Grace to let me 'scape. If not,
Be bountiful, and kill me. You do know,
I am a Creature, hither ill betray'd,
By one, whose Shame I would forget it were;
If you will daign me neither of these Graces,
Yet feed your Wrath, Sir, rather than your Lust;
(It is a Vice comes nearer Manliness)
And punish that unhappy Crime of Nature,
Which you mis-call my Beauty: Flay my Face,
Or poyson it with Ointments, for seducing
Your Blood to this Rebellion. Rub these Hands,
With what may cause an eating Leprosie,
E'en to my Bones and Marrow: Any thing
That may disfavour me, save in my Honour.

And

And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly Vows, Sir, for your Health,
Report, and think you virtuous——*Volp.* Think me cold,
Frozen and impotent, and so report me?
That I had *Nestor's Hernia*, thou would'st think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my Nation,
To play with Opportunity thus long:
I should have done the Act, and then have parly'd.
Yield, or I'll force thee. *Cel.* O! just God. *Volp.* In vain——
Bon. Forbear, foul Ravisher, libidinous Swine,

[Leaping out from where Mosca had placed him.]

Free the forc'd Lady, or thou dy'st, Impostor.
But that I am loath to snatch thy Punishment
Out of the Hand of Justice, thou should'st, yet,
Be made the timely Sacrifice of Vengeance,
Before this Altar, and this Dross, thy Idol.
Lady, let's quit the Place, it is the Den
Of Villany; fear nought, you have a Guard:
And he, e'er long, shall meet his just Reward.

Volp. Fall on me, Roof, and bury me in Ruin,
Become my Grave, that wert my Shelter. O!
I am unmask'd, unspirited, undone,
Betray'd to Beggary, to Infamy——

SCENE VIII.

Mosca and Volpone.

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched Shame of Men,
To beat out my unlucky Brains? *Volp.* Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed? *Mos.* O, that his well driv'n Sword
Had been so covetous to have cleft me down,
Unto the Navel, e'er I liv'd to see
My Life, my Hopes, my Spirits, my Patron, all
Thus desperately engaged, by my Error.

Volp. Wo on thy Fortune. *Mos.* And my Follics, Sir.

Volp. Th' hast made me miserable. *Mos.* And my self, Sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearken'd so?

Volp. What shall we do? *Mos.* I know not; if my Heart
Could expiate the Mischance, I'd pluck it out.

Will you be pleas'd to hang me? or cut my Throat?

And I'll requite you, Sir. Let's die like Romans,

Since we have liv'd like *Gracians*. *Volp.* Hark, who's there?

I hear some footing Officers, the *Saffi*,

[They knock without.]

Come to apprehend us! I do feel the Brand

Hissing already at my Forehead: Now,

Mine Ears are howling. *Mos.* To your Couch, Sir, you

Make that place good however. Guilty Men

Suspect what they deserve still. Signior *Corbaccio*!

SCENE III.

Corbaccio, Mosca, Voltore and Volpone.

Corb. Why! how now? *Mosca!* *Mos.* O, undone, amaz'd, Sir.
Your Son (I know not by what Accident)
Acquainted with your Purpose to my Patron,
Touching your Will, and making him your Heir,
Entred our House with Violence, his Sword drawn,
Sought for you, call'd you Wretch, unnatural,
Vow'd he would kill you. *Corb.* Me? *Mos.* Yes, and my Patron.

Corb. This Act shall disinheret him indeed:
Here is the Will. *Mos.* 'Tis well, Sir. *Corb.* Right and well.
Be you as careful now for me. *Mos.* My Life, Sir,
Is not more tender'd. I am only yours.

Corb. How does he? will he die shortly, think'st thou? *Mos.* I fear
He'll outlast *May*. *Corb.* To Day? *Mos.* No, last out *May*, Sir.
Corb. Could'st thou not gi' him a Dram? *Mos.* O, by no Means, Sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bind you. *Volt.* This is a Knave, I see.
Mos. How, Signior *Voltore*! did he hear me? *Volt.* Parasite.
Mos. Who's that? O, Sir, most timely welcome——*Volt.* Scarce.
To the Discovery of your Tricks, I fear.

You are his only? and mine also? are you not?

Mos. Who? I, Sir! *Volt.* You, Sir. What Device is this
About a Will? *Mos.* A Plot for you, Sir. *Volt.* Come,
Put not your Foists upon me, I shall scent 'em.

Mos. Did you not hear it? *Volt.* Yes, I hear *Corbaccio*
Hath made your Patron there his Heir. *Mos.* 'Tis true,
By my Device, drawn to it by my Plot,
With hope——*Volt.* Your Patron should reciprocate?
And you have promis'd? *Mos.* For your good I did, Sir.
Nay more, I told his Son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his Father pass the Deed;
Being perswaded to it by this Thought, Sir,
That the Unnaturalness, first of the Act,
And then his Father's ost disclaiming him,
(Which I did mean t' help on) would sure enrage him
To do some Violence upon his Parent,
On which the Law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stat'd in a double hopes:
Truth be my Comfort, and my Conscience,
My only Aim was to dig you a Fortune
Out of these two old rotten Sepulch'rs——

(*Volt.* I cry thee Mercy, *Mosca.*) *Mos.* Worth your Patience,
And your great Merit, Sir. And see the Change!

Volt. Why? what Success? *Mos.* Most hapless! you must help, Sir.
Whilst we expected th' old Raven, in comes

Corbaccio's Wife, sent hither by her Husband——

Volt. What, with a Present? *Mos.* No, Sir, on Visitation:

(I'll tell you how anon) and, staving long,
 The Youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
 Seizeth the Lady, wounds me, makes her swear
 (Or he would murder her, that was his Vow)
 T' affirm my Patron to have done her Rape:
 Which how unlike it is, you see! and, hence,
 With that Pretext, he's gone t' accuse his Father;
 Defame my Patron; defeat you——*Vol.* Where's her Husband?
 Let him be sent for strait. *Mos.* Sir, I'll go fetch him.
Vol. Bring him to the Scrutinio. *Mos.* Sir, I will.
Vol. This must be stopt. *Mos.* O, you do nobly, Sir.
 Alas, 'twas labour'd all, Sir, for your Good;
 Nor was there want of Counsel in the Plot:
 But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
 The Projects of a hundred learned Clerks, Sir.
Corb. What's that? *Vol.* Will't please you, Sir, to go along?
Mos. Patron go on, and pray for our Success.
Volp. Need makes Devotion: Heav'n your Labour bless.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Politick and Peregrine.

Pol. **I** Told you, Sir, it was a Plot: You see
 What Observation is. You mention'd me,
 For some Instructions: I will tell you, Sir,
 (Since we are met here in this height of Venice)
 Some few Particulars I have set down,
 Only for this Meridian; fit to be known
 Of your crude Traveller, and they are these.
 I will not touch, Sir, at your Phrase, or Cloaths,
 For they are old. *Per.* Sir, I have better. *Pol.* Pardon,
 I meant, as they are Theams. *Per.* O, Sir, proceed:
 I'll slander you no more of Wit, good Sir.
Pol. First, for your Garb, it must be grave and serious;
 Very reserv'd, and lockt; not tell a Secret,
 On any Terms, not to your Father; scarce
 A Fable, but with Caution; make sure Choice
 Both of your Company and Discourse; beware,
 You never speak a Truth——*Per.* How! *Pol.* Not to Strangers;
 For those be they you must converse with most;
 Others I would not know, Sir, but at distance,
 So as I still might be a Saver in 'em:
 You shall have Tricks else past upon you hourly.
 And then, for your Religion, profess none;
 But wonder at the Diversity of all;
 And, for your part, protest, were there no other
 But simply the Laws o'th' Land, you could content you:

Nich. Machiavel, and *Monfieur Bodine*, both
Were of this Mind. Then, must you learn the Use
And Handling of your Silver Fork, at Meals;
The Metal of your Glafs; (these are main Matters,
With your *Italian*) and to know the Hour,
When you must eat your Melons, and your Figs.

Per. Is that a Point of State too? *Pol.* Here it is.

For your *Venetian*, if he see a Man
Preposterous in the least, he has him streight;
He has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you, Sir,
I now have liv'd here ('tis some fourteen Months)
Within the first Week of Landing here;

All took me for a Citizen of *Venice*:

I knew the Forms so well — *Per.* And nothing else.

Pol. I had read *Contareno*, took me a House,
Dealt with my *Jews*, to furnish it with Moveables —

Well, if I could but find one Man, one Man,
To mine own Heart, whom I durst trust, I would —

Per. What? what, Sir? *Pol.* Make him Rich; make him a Fortune:
He should not think, again. I would command it.

Per. As how? *Pol.* With certain Projects, that I have:
Which, I may not discover. *Per.* If I had

But one to Wager with, I would lay odds, now,
He tells me, instantly. *Pol.* One is, (and that
I care not greatly, who knows) to serve the State
Of *Venice* with red Herrings, for three Years,
And at a certain Rate, from *Rotterdam*,
Where I have Correspondence. There's a Letter,
Sent me from one o' th' States, and to that purpose;
He cannot write his Name, but that's his Mark.

Per. He is a Chandler? *Pol.* No, a Cheesemonger.
There are some others too, with whom I Treat,
About the same Negotiation;

And, I will undertake it: For, 'tis thus,
I'll do't with Ease, I've cast it all. Your Hoigh
Carries but three Men in her, and a Boy;
And she shall make me three Returns a Year:
So, if there come but one of three, I save,
If two, I can Defalk. But, this is now,
If my main Project fail. *Per.* Then you have others?

Pol. I should be loth to draw the subtil Air
Of such a Place, without my thousand Aims.
I'll not dissemble, Sir, where-e'er I come,
I love to be Considerative; and 'tis true,
I have, at my free Hours, thought upon
Some certain Goods, unto the State of *Venice*,
Which I do call my Cautions; and, Sir, which
I mean (in hope of Pension) to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Ferry,

So to the Ten. My Means are made already —

Per. By whom? *Pol.* Sir, one, that tho' his Place b' obscure,
Yet he can Sway, and they will hear him. He's

A *Commandadore*. *Per.* What, a common Serjeant?

Pol. Sir, such as they are, put it in their Mouths,
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater.
I think I have my Notes to shew you — *Per.* Good, Sir.

Pol. But, you shall Swear unto me, on your Gentry,
Not to Anticipate — *Per.* Ay, Sir? *Pol.* Nor reveal
A Circumstance — My Paper is not with me.

Per. O, but you can remember, Sir. *Pol.* My first is,
Concerning Tinder-Boxes. You must know,
No Family is here without its Box;
Now, Sir, it being so Portable a thing,
Put case, that you or I were ill affected
Unto the State, Sir; with it in our Pockets,
Might not I go into the *Arsenal*?

Or you? come out again? and none the wiser?

Per. Except your self, Sir. *Pol.* Go too, then. I, therefore,
Advertise the State, how fit it were,
That, none but such as we known Patriots,
Sound Lovers of their Country, should be suffer'd
T' enjoy them in their Houses; and, even those,
Seal'd at some Office, and at such a bigness,
As might not lurk in Pockets. *Per.* Admirable!

Pol. My next is, how t' enquire, and be resolv'd,
By present Demonstration, whether a Ship
Newly arriv'd from *Seria*, or from
Any suspected part of all the *Levant*,
Be guilty of the Plague: And, where they use,
To lie out forty, fifty Days, sometimes,
About the *Lazaretto*, for their Trial;
I'll save that Charge, and Loss unto the Merchant,
And, in an Hour, clear the Doubt. *Per.* Indeed, Sir?

Pol. Or — I will lose my Labour. *Per.* My Faith, that's much.

Pol. Nay, Sir, conceive me. 'Twill cost me, in Onions,
Some thirty *Livres* — *Per.* Which is one Pound Sterling.

Pol. Besides my Water-Works; for this I do, Sir,
First, I bring in your Ship, 'twixt two Bick-Walls;
(But those the State shall venture) on the one
I strain me a fair *Tarpaulin*; and, in that,
I stick my Onions, cut in Halves; the other
Is full of Loop-holes, out at which I thrust
The Noles of my Bellows; and, those Bellows
I keep, with Water-Works, in perpetual Motion;
(Which is the easy'st Matter of a hundred)
Now, Sir, your Onion, which doth naturally
Attract th' Infection, and your Bellows blowing
The Air upon him, will shew (instantly)

By his chang'd Colour, if there be Contagion,
Or else, remain as fair, as at the first.

Now 'tis known, 'tis nothing. *Per.* You are right, Sir.

Pol. I would, I had my Note. *Per.* 'Faith, so would I:
But, you ha' done well, for once, Sir. *Pol.* Were I false,
Or would be made so, I could shew you Reasons,
How I could sell this State, now, to the *Turk*;
Spight of their Gallies, or their—— *Per.* 'Pray you, Sir *Pol.*

Pol. I have 'em not, about me. *Per.* That I fear'd.
They're there, Sir? *Pol.* No, this is my *Diary*,
Wherein I note my Actions of the Day.

Per. 'Pray you, let's see, Sir. What is here? *Notandum*,
A Rat had gnawn my Spur-Leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on New, and did go forth: But, first,
I threw three Beans over the Threshold. *Item*,
I went, and bought two Tooth-picks, whereof one
I Burst, immediately, in a Discourse
With a *Dutch Merchant*, 'bout *Ragion Delftato*.
From him I went, and pay'd a *Moccinigo*,
For piecing my Silk-Stockings; by the way,
I cheapen'd Sprats: and at *St. Mark's*, I Urin'd.
'Faith, these are Politick Notes! *Pol.* Sir, I do slip
No action of my Life, thus, but I Quote it.

Per. Believe me it is Wise! *Pol.* Nay, Sir, read forth.

SCENE II.

Lady, Nano, Women, Politick, and Peregrine.

Lady. Where should this loose Knight be, trow? sure, he's Hou'd.

Nano. Why, then he's fast. *Lady.* Ay, he plays both, with me:
I pray you, stay. This Heat will do more harm
To my Complexion, than his Heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him:)

How it comes off! *Wom.* My Master's yonder. *Lady.* Where?

Wom. With a Young Gentleman. *Lady.* That same's the Party!
In Man's Apparel. 'Pray you, Sir, jogg my Knight:

I will be tender to his Reputation,
How ever he demerit. *Pol.* My Lady! *Per.* Where?

Pol. 'Tis she indeed, Sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a Lady of that Merit,
For Fashion, and Behaviour; and, for Beauty

I durst compare—— *Per.* It seems, you are not jealous,
That dare commend her. *Pol.* Nay, and for Discourse——

Per. Being your Wife, she cannot miss that. *Pol.* Madam,
Here is a Gentleman, 'pray you use him fairly,
He seems a Youth, but he is—— *Lady.* None? *Pol.* Yes, one
Has put his Face, as soon, into the World——

Lady. You mean, as early? but to Day? *Pol.* How's this!

Lady. Why in this Habit, Sir? You apprehend me.

Well,

Well, Master *Would-be*, this doth not become you ;
I had thought, the Odour, Sir, of your good Name,
Had been more precious to you ; that you would not
Have done this dire Massacre on your Honour ;
One of your Gravity, and Rank, besides !
But Knights, I see, care little for the Oath
They make to Ladies ; chiefly, their own Ladies.

Pol. Now, by my Spurs (the Symbol of my Knighthood)

(*Per.* Lord ! how his Brain is humbled for an Oath.)

Pol. I reach you not. *Lady.* Right, Sir, your Polity
May bear it through, thus. Sir, a word with you.

I would be loth to contest publicly

With any Gentlewoman ; or to seem

Froward, or Violent (as the Courtier says)

It comes too near Rusticity, in a Lady,

Which I would shun, by all means : and, however

I may deserve from Master *Would-be* ; yet,

T'have one fair Gentlewoman, thus, be made

Th'unkind Instrument, to wrong another,

And one she knows not, ay, and to persevere ;

In my poor Judgment, is not warranted

From being a *Solecism* in our Sex,

If not in Manners. *Per.* How is this ! *Pol.* Sweet Madam,

Come nearer to your aim. *Lady.* Marry, and I will, Sir.

Since you provoke me with your Impudence,

And Laughter of your Land-Sirene, here,

Your *Spornu*, your Hermaphrodite—— *Per.* What's here ?

Poetick Fury, and Historick Storms !

Pol. The Gentleman, believe it, is of Worth.

And of our Nation. *Lady.* Ay, your *White-Friars* Nation ?

Come, I blush for you, Master *Would-be*, I ;

And am ashamed, you should ha' no more Forehead

Than, thus, to be the Patron, or St. *George*

To a lewd Harlot, a base Fricatrice,

A Female Devil, in a Male Outside. *Pol.* Nay,

As you be such a one, I must bid adieu

To your Delights. The case appears too liquid.

Lady. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your State-face !

But, for your Carnival Concupiscence,

Who here is fled for Liberty of Conscience,

From furious Persecution of the Marshal,

Her will I disciple. *Per.* This is fine, i'faith !

And do you use this ostent is this part

Of your Wit's Exercise, 'gaud. you have occasion ?

Madam—— *Lady.* Goto, Sir. *Per.* Do you hear me, Lady ?

Why, if your Knight have let you to beg Shirts,

Or to invite me Home, you might have done it

A nearer way, by far. *Lady.* This cannot work you

Out of my Snare. *Per.* Why ? am I in it, then ?

Indeed,

Indeed, your Husband told me, you were fair,
And so you are; only your Nose enclines
(That side, that's next the Sun) to the Queen-Apple.

Lady. This cannot be endur'd by any Patience.

SCENE III.

Mosca, Lady, and Peregrine.

Mos. What's the matter, Madam? *Lady.* If the Senate
Right not my Quest, in this; I will protest 'em,
To all the World, no *Aristocracy*.

Mos. What is the Injury, Lady? *Lady.* Why, the Callet
You told me of, here I have ta'en disgun'd.

Mos. Who? this? what means your Ladyship? the Creature
I mention'd to you, is apprehended, now,
Before the Senate; you shall see her—— *Lady.* Where?

Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young Gentleman,
I saw him land, this Morning, at the Port.

Lady. Is't possible! how has my Judgment wander'd!
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you, I have err'd:
And plead your Pardon. *Per.* What! more Changes yet?

Lady. I hope you ha' not the Malice to remember
A Gentlewoman's Passion. If you stay
In *Venice*, here, please you to use me, Sir——

Mos. Will you go, Madam? *Lady.* 'Pray you, Sir, use me. In faith,
The more you see me, the more I shall conceive
You have forgot our Quarrel. *Per.* This is rare!
Sir *Politricks* Would-be? No, Sir *Politricks* Bawd!
To bring me, thus, acquainted with his Wife!
Well, wife Sir *Pol.* since you have practis'd, thus,
Upon my Freshman-ship, I'll try your Salt-head,
What Proof it is against a Counter-plot.

SCENE IV.

Voltore, Corbaccio, Corvino, and Mosca.

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the Business,
Your Constancy is all that is requir'd
Unto the Safety of it. *Mos.* Is the Lie
Safely convey'd amongst us? is that sure?
Knows every Man his Burden? *Corv.* Yes. *Mos.* Then shrink not.

Corv. But, knows the Advocate the Truth? *Mos.* O, Sir,
By no means. I devis'd a formal Tale,
That sal'd your Reputation. But, be valiant, Sir,

Corv. I fear no one, but him; that, this his Pleading
Should make him stand for a Co-hair—— *Mos.* Co-halter.
Hang him; we will but use his Tongue, his Noise,

As we do Crakers, here. *Corv.* Ay, what shall he do? (think,
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean? *Corv.* Yes. *Mos.* Why, we'll
Sell

Sell him for *Mumma*, he's half Dust already.

Do not you Smile, to see this *Buffalo*,

[To Voltore.]

How he doth sport it with his Head? — I should,

If all were well, and past. Sir, only you

[To Corbaccio.]

Are he, that shall enjoy the Crop of all,

And these not know for whom they Toil. *Corb.* Ay, Peace.

Mos. But you shall Eat it: Much! [To Corv.] Worshipful, Sir, [To Volt.

Mercury sit upon your thund'ring Tongue,

Or the *French Hercules*, and make your Language

As Conqu'ring as his Club, to beat along,

(As with a Tempest) flat, our Adversaries:

But, much more, yours, Sir. *Volt.* Here they come, ha' done.

Mos. I have another Witness, if you need, Sir,

I can produce. *Volt.* Who is it? *Mos.* Sir, I have her.

SCENE V.

Four *Avocatori's*, *Bonario*, *Celia*, *Voltore*, *Corbaccio*, *Corvino*, *Mosca*,
Notario, and *Commandadori*.

1 *Avoc.* The like of this the Senate never heard of.

2 *Avoc.* 'Twill come most strange to them, when we report it.

4 *Avoc.* The Gentlewoman has been ever held
Of un-reproved Name. 3 *Avoc.* So, the young Man.

4 *Avoc.* The more unnatural Part, that of his Father.

2 *Avoc.* More of the Husband. 1 *Avoc.* I not know to give
His Act a Name, it is so monstrous!

4 *Avoc.* But the Impostor, he is a thing created
T' exceed Example! 1 *Avoc.* And all after-times.

2 *Avoc.* I never heard a true Voluptuary
Describ'd, but him. 3 *Avoc.* Appear yet those were cited?

Nota. All but the old Magnifico, *Volpone*.

1 *Avoc.* Why is not he here? *Mos.* Please your Father-hoods,
Here is his Advocate. Himself's so weak,

So feeble — 4 *Avoc.* What are you? *Ben.* His Parasite,
His Knave, his Pandar: I beseech the Court,

He may be forc'd to come, that your Grave Eyes
May bear strong Witness of his strange Impostures.

Volt. Upon my Faith, and Credit, with your Virtues,
He is not able to endure the Air.

[Fetch him.]

2 *Avoc.* Bring him, however. 3 *Avoc.* We will see him. 4 *Avoc.*

Volt. Your Father-hoods fit Pleasures be obey'd;

Be sure, the Sight will rather move your Pities,

Than Indignation; may it please the Court,

In the mean time, he may be heard in me:

I know this Place most void of Prejudice,

And therefore crave it, since we have no Reason

To fear our Truth should hurt our Cause. 3 *Avoc.* Speak free.

Volt. Then know, most Honour'd Fathers, I must now
Discover, to your strangely abus'd Ears,

The most Prodigious, and most Frontless piece
 Of solid Impudence, and Treachery,
 That ever vicious Nature yet brought forth
 To Shame the State of *Venice*. This Lewd Woman
 (That wants no artificial Looks, or Tears,
 To help the Vizor, she has now put on)
 Hath long been known a close Adulteress,
 To that Lascivious Youth there; not suspected,
 I say, but known; and taken, in the act,
 With him; and by this Man, the easie Husband,
 Pardon'd: whose timeless Bounty makes him, now,
 Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent Person,
 That ever Man's own Goodness made accus'd.
 For these, not knowing how to owe a Gift
 Of that dear Grace, but with their Shame; being plac'd
 So 'bove all Powers of their Gratitude,
 Began to hate the Benefit; and, in place
 Of Thanks, devise t' extirpe the Memory
 Of such an Act. Wherein, I pray your Father-hoods
 T' observe the Malice, yea, the Rage of Creatures
 Discover'd in their Evils; and what Heart
 Such take, even from their Crimes. But that, anon,
 Will more appear. This Gentleman, the Father,
 Hearing of this foul Fact, with many others,
 Which daily struck at his too-tender Ears,
 And, griev'd in nothing more, than that he could not
 Preserve himself a Parent (his Son's ill
 Growing to that strange Flood) at last decreed
 To dis-inherit him. 1 *Avoc.* These be strange turns!

2 *Avoc.* The Young Man's Fame was ever fair, and honest.

Vol. So much more full of Danger is his Vice,
 That can beguile so, under shade of Virtue.
 But, as I said (my Honour'd Sirs) his Father
 Having this settled Purpose, (by what means
 To him betray'd, we know not) and this Day
 Appointed for the Deed; that Parricide,
 (I cannot stile him better) by Confederacy
 Preparing this his Paramour to be there,
 Entr'd *Volpone's* House (who was the Man,
 Your Father-hoods must understand, design'd
 For the Inheritance) there, sought his Father:
 But, with what purpose sought he him, my Lords?
 (I tremble to pronounce it, that a Son
 Unto a Father, and to such a Father,
 Should have so foul, felonious Intent)
 It was, to Murder him. When, being prevented
 By his more happy Absence, what then did he?
 Not check his wicked Thoughts; no, now new Deeds:
 (Mischief doth ever end, where it begins)

An Act of Horror, Fathers! he drag'd forth
The Aged Gentleman, that had there lain, Bed-rid,
Three Years, and more, out of his innocent Couch,
Naked, upon the Floor, there left him; wounded
His Servant in the Face; and, with this Strumpet,
The Stale to his forg'd Practice, who was glad
To be so Active, (I shall here desire
Your Father-hoods to note but my Collections,
As most remarkable) thought, at once, to stop
His Father's ends; discredit his free Choice,
In the old Gentleman; redeem themselves,
By laying Infamy upon this Man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their Lives.

1 *Avoc.* What Proofs have we of this? *Bon.* Most Honour'd Fathers,
I humbly crave, there be no Credit given
To this Man's mercenary Tongue. 2 *Avoc.* Forbear.

Bon. His Soul moves in his Fee. 3 *Avoc.* O, Sir. *Bon.* This Fellow,
For six *Sons* more, would Plead against his Maker.

1 *Avoc.* You do forget your self. *Volt.* Nay, nay, Grave Fathers,
Let him have scope: Can any Man imagine
That he will spare his Accuser, that would not
Have spar'd his Parent? 1 *Avoc.* Well, produce your Proofs.

Cel. I would I could forget I were a Creature.

Volt. Signior Corbaccio. 4 *Avoc.* What is he? *Volt.* The Father.

2 *Avoc.* Has he had an Oath? *Notar.* Yes. *Corb.* What must I do now?

Notar. Your Testimony's crav'd. *Corb.* Speak to the Knave?
I'll ha' my Mouth, first, stop't with Earth; my Heart
Abhors his Knowledge: I disclaim in him.

1 *Avoc.* But, for what Cause? *Corb.* The meer Portent of Nature.
He is an utter Stranger to my Loins.

Bon. Have they made you to this? *Corb.* I will not hear thee,
Monster of Men, Swine, Goat, Wolf, Paricide,
Speak not, thou Viper. *Bon.* Sir, I will sit down,
And rather with my Innocence should suffer,
Than I resist the Authority of a Father.

Volt. Signior Corvino. 2 *Avoc.* This is strange! 1 *Avoc.* Who's this?
Notar. The Husband. 4 *Avoc.* Is he Sworn? *Notar.* He is. 3 *Avoc.* Speak
Corv. This Woman (please your Father-hoods) is a Whore, [then,
Of most hot Exercise, more than a Partrich,
Upon record— 1 *Avoc.* No more. *Corv.* Neig s, like a Jennet.

Notar. Preserve the Honour of the Court. *Corv.* I shall,
And Modesty of your most reverend Ears.

And yet, I hope that I may say, these Eyes
Have seen her glew'd unto that piece of Cedar;
That fine well-timber'd Gallants and that, here,
The Letters may be read, thorough the Horn,
That make the Story Perfect. *Ades.* Excellent! Sir.

Corv. There is no shame in this, now, is there? *Ades.* None.

Corv. Or if I said, I hop'd that she were onward

To her Damnation, if there be a Hell

Greater than Whore and Woman; a good Catholick

May make the doubt. 3 *Avo.* His Grief hath made him Frantick.

1 *Avo.* Remove him hence. 2 *Avo.* Look to the Woman. [*Cel. Swoons.*]

Corv. Rare! Prettily feign'd! Again! 4 *Avo.* Stand from about her.

1 *Avo.* Give her the Air. 3 *Avo.* What can you say? *Mos.* My Wound
(May't please your Wisdoms) speaks for me, receiv'd

In aid of my good Patron, when he miss'd

His fought-for Father, when that well-taught Dame

Had her cue given her, to cry out a Rape.

Ben. O, most laid Impudence! Fathers — 3 *Avo.* Sir, be silent,
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs.

2 *Avo.* I do begin to doubt th' Imposture here.

4 *Avo.* This Woman has too many Moods. *Velt.* Grave Fathers,
She is a Creature of a most profest,

And prostituted Lewdness. *Corv.* Most impetuous!

Unsatisfied, grave Fathers! *Velt.* May her Feignings

Not take your Wisdoms: But, this Day, she baited

A Stranger, a grave Knight, with her loose Eyes,

And more lascivious Kisses. This Man saw 'em

Together, on the Water, in a Gondola.

Mos. Here's the Lady her self that saw 'em too,

Without; who, then, had in the open Streets

Pursu'd them, but for saving her Knight's Honour.

1 *Avo.* Produce that Lady. 2 *Avo.* Let her come. 4 *Avo.* These things,
They strike with Wonder! 3 *Avo.* I am turn'd a Stone!

SCENE VI.

Mosca, Lady, Avocatori, &c.

Mos. Be resolute, Madam. *Lady.* Ay, this same is she,

Out thou Cameleon Harlot; now thine Eyes

Vie Tears with the *Hyena*: Dar'st thou look

Upon my wronged Face? I cry your Pardon,

I fear I have (forgettingly) transgress'd

Against the dignity of the Court — 2 *Avo.* No Madam.

Lady. And been exorbitant — 4 *Avo.* You have not, Lady.

4 *Avo.* These proofs are strong. *Lady.* Surely, I had no purpose

To scandalize your Honour, or my Sex's.

3 *Avo.* We do believe it. *Lady.* Surely, you may believe it.

2 *Avo.* Madam, we do. *Lady.* Indeed, you may; my breeding

Is not so coarse — 4 *Avo.* We know it. *Lady.* To offend

With Pertinacy — 3 *Avo.* Lady. *Lady.* Such a Presence:

No surely. *Avo.* We will think it. *Lady.* You may think it.

1 *Avo.* Let her o'ercome. What Witnesses have you,

To make good your Report? *Ben.* Our Consciences.

Cel. And Heav'n, that never fails the Innocent,

4 *Avo.* These are no Testimonies. *Ben.* Not in your Courts,

Where

Where Multitude and Clamours overcomes.

1 *Avoc.* Nay then you do wax Insolent. *Vol.* Here, here,
The Testimony comes, that will convince, [*Volpone is brought in as Impotent.*
And put to utter Dumbness their bold Tongues.

See here, grave Fathers, here's the Ravisher,
The Rider on Men's Wives, the great Impostor,
The grand Voluptuary! Do you not think,
These Limbs should affect *Venerary*? or these Eyes
Covet a Concubine? 'Pray you mark these Hands.
Are they not fit to stroak a Lady's Breasts?

Perhaps, he doth dissemble? *Bon.* So he does.

Vol. Would you ha' him tortur'd? *Bon.* I would have him prov'd.

Vol. Best try him, then, with Goads or burning Irons;

Put him to the Strappado: I have heard,
The Rack hath cured the Gout, 'faith, give it him,
And help him of a Malady, be Courteous.

I'll undertake, before these honour'd Fathers,

He shall have, yet, as many left Diseases,
As she has known Adulterers, or thou Strumpets.

O, my most equal Hearers, if these Deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant Strain,
May pass with Sufferance, what one Citizen,
But owes the forfeit of his Life, yea Fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you
Are safe, my honour'd Fathers? I would ask
(With leave of your grave Father-hoods) if their Plot
Have any Face, or Colour like to Truth?

Or if, unto the dullest Nostril, here,
It smell not rank, and most abhorred Slander?

I crave your Care of this good Gentleman,
Whose Life is much indanger'd by their Fable;
And, as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious Persons when they are hot, and flesh'd
In impious Acts, their Constancy abounds:

Damn'd Deeds are done with greatest Confidences:

1 *Avoc.* Take 'em to Custody, and sever them.

2 *Avoc.* 'Tis pity two such Prodigies should live.

3 *Avoc.* Let the old Gentleman be return'd with Care:

I'm sorry our Credulity wrong'd him.

4 *Avoc.* These are two Creatures! 3 *Avoc.* I have an Earthquake in me!

2 *Avoc.* Their Shame (even in their Cradles) fled their Faces.

4 *Avoc.* You've done a worthy Service to the State, Sir,
In their Discovery. 1 *Avoc.* You shall hear, e'er Night,
What Punishment the Court decrees upon 'em.

Vol. We thank your Father-hoods. How like you it? *Ades.* Rare.
I'd ha' your Tongue, Sir, tip'd with Gold, for this;
I'd ha' you be the Heir to the whole City.

The Earth I'd have want Men, e'er you want living;
They're bound to erect your Statue in *St. Marks*.

Signior Corvino, I would have you go,
 And shew your self, that you have Conquer'd. *Corv. Yes.*
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
 Your self a Cuckold, thus, than that the other
 Should have been prov'd. *Corv. Nay, I consider'd that:*
 Now it is her fault. *Mos.* Then it had been yours.
Corv. True, I do doubt this Advocate still. *Mos.* I faith,
 You need not, I dare ease you of that Care *(Mosca. Corb.)*
Corv. I trust thee, *Mosca.* *Mos.* As your own Soul, Sir. *Corb.*
Mos. Now for your Business, Sir. *Corb.* How? ha' you Business?
Mos. Yes, yours, Sir. *Corb.* O, none else? *Mos.* None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then. *Mos.* Rest you with both your Eyes, Sir.
Corb. Dispatch it. *Mos.* Instantly. *Corb.* And look, that all,
 What-ever, be put in, Jewels, Plate, Moneyes,
 Household-stuff, Bedding, Curtains. *Mos.* Curtain-rings, Sir.
 Only, the Advocate's Fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him, now: You'll be too Prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it. *Corb.* Two Cecchines is well?
Mos. No, six, Sir. *Corb.* 'Tis too much. *Mos.* He talk'd a great while;
 You must consider that, Sir. *Corb.* Well, there's three——
Mos. I'll give it him. *Corb.* Do so, and there's for thee.
Mos. Bountiful Bones! What horrid strange Offence
 Did he commit 'gainst Nature, in his Youth,
 Worthy this Age? You see, Sir, how I work
 Unto your ends; take you no notice. *Vol. No,*
 I'll leave you. *Mos.* All is yours; the Devil, and all:
 Good Advocate. Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lady. No, I'll go see your Patron. *Mos.* That you shall not:
 I'll tell you, why. My purpose is, to urge
 My Patron to reform his Will; and, for
 The Zeal you have shewn to Day, whereas before
 You were but third, or fourth, you shall be now
 Put in the first; which would appear as begg'd,
 If you were present. Therefore—— *Lady.* You shall sway me.

ACT V. SCENE I.

VOLPONE.

Volp. **W**ELL, I am here; and all this brunt is past:
 I ne'er was in dislike with my Disguise,
 'Till this fied moment; here 'twas good, in private;
 But, in your publick, *Cave* whilst I breath,
 'Fore God, my left Leg 'gan to have the Cramp;
 And I apprehended, strait, some Power had struck me
 With a Dead Palsy: Well, I must be merry
 And shake it off. A many of these Fears
 Would put me into some villanous Disease,

Should

Should they comethick upon me: I'll prevent 'em.
Give me a Bowl of lusty Wine, to fright
This Humour from my Heart; (hum, hum, hum)
'Tis almost gone already: I shall conquer.
Any Device, now, of rare, ingenious Knavery,
That would possess me with a violent Laughter,
Would make me up, again! So, so, so, so.
This heat is Life; 'tis Blood, by this time: *Mosca!*

[*He Drinks.*]

[*Drinks again.*]

SCENE II.

Mosca, Volpone, Nano and Castrone.

Mos. How now, Sir? Does the Day look clear again?
Are we recover'd? And wrought out of Error,
Into our way? To see our Path before us?
Is our Trade free once more? *Volp.* Exquisite *Mosca!*

Mos. Was it not carry'd learnedly? *Volp.* And stoutly.
Good Wits are greatest in Extremities.

Mos. It were a Folly, beyond Thought, to trust
Any grand Act unto a Cowardly Spirit:
You are not taken with it, enough, methinks?

Volp. O, more, than if I had enjoy'd the Wench.
The Pleasure of all Woman-kind's not like it.

Mos. Why, now you speak, Sir. We must here be fix'd;
Here, we must rest; this is our Master-piece:
We cannot think to go beyond this. *Volp.* True,

Thou hast plaid this Prize, my precious *Mosca.* *Mos.* Nay, Sir,
To gull the Court—— *Volp.* And, quite divert the Torrent,
Upon the Innocent. *Mos.* Yes, and to make

So rare a Musick out of Discords—— *Volp.* Right.
That, yet, to me's the strangest! How th' hast born it!

That these (being so divided 'mongst themselves)
Should not scent somewhat, or in me, or thee,
Or doubt their own side. *Mos.* True, they will not see't.
Too much Light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is so possess'd, and stuff'd with his own Hopes,
That any thing unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it!——

Volp. Like a Temptation of the Devil. *Mos.* Right, Sir.
Merchants may talk of Trade, and your great Signiors
Of Land that yields well; but if *Italy*
Have any Glebe, more fruitful than these Fellows,
I am deceiv'd. Did not your Advocate rare?

Volp. O (my most honour'd Fathers, my grave Fathers,
Under Correction of your Father-hoods,
What Face of Truth is here? If these strange Deeds
May pass, most honour'd Fathers——) I had much ado

To forbear laughing. *Mos.* 'T seem'd to me you sweat, Sir,

Volp. In troth I did a little. *Mos.* But confess, Sir,

Were you not daunted? *Volp.* In good faith I was

A little in a Mist, but not dejected:

Never, but still my self. *Mos.* I think it, Sir,

Now (so Truth help me) I must needs say this, Sir.

And, out of Conscience, for your Advocate:

He has taken Pains in faith, Sir, and deserved

(In my poor Judgment, I speak it, under Favour,

Not to contrary you, Sir) very richly——

Well——to be cozen'd. *Volp.* Troth, and I think so too,

By that I heard him, in the latter end.

Mos. O, but before, Sir; had you heard him, first,

Draw it to certain Heads, then aggravate,

Then use his vehement Figures——I look'd still,

When he would shift a Shirt; and, doing this

Out of pure Love, no hope of Gain——*Volp.* 'Tis right.

I cannot answer him, *Mosca*, as I would,

Not yet; but for thy sake, at thy Intreaty,

I will begin, ev'n now, to vex 'em all:

This very Instant. *Mos.* Good Sir. *Volp.* Call the Dwarf,

And Eunuch, forth. *Mos.* *Castrone*, *Nano*. *Nan.* Here.

Volp. Shall we have a Jigg now? *Mos.* What you please, Sir. *Volp.* Go,

Strait, give out, about the Streets, you two,

That I am dead; do it with Constancy,

Sadly; do you hear? impute it to the Grief

Of this late Slander. *Mos.* What do you mean, Sir? *Volp.* O,

I shall have, instantly, my Vulture, Crow,

Raven, come flying hither (on the News)

To peck for Carrion, my She-wolf, and all

Greedy, and full of Expectation——

Mos. And then to have it ravish'd from their Mouths?

Volp. 'Tis true, I will ha' thee put on a Gown,

And take upon thee as thou wert mine Heir;

Shew 'em a Will; open that Chest, and reach

Forth one of those that has the Blanks. I'll strait

Put in thy Name. *Mos.* It will be rare, Sir. *Volp.* Ay,

When they ev'n gape, and find themselves deluded——

Mos. Yes. *Volp.* And thou use them skurvily. Dispatch,

Get on thy Gown. *Mos.* But what, Sir, if they ask

After the Body? *Volp.* Say it was corrupted.

Mos. I'll say it stunk, Sir; and was fain t' have it

Coffin'd up instantly, and sent away.

Volp. Any thing, what thou wilt. Hold, here's my Will.

Get thee a Cap, a Count-book, Pen and Ink,

Papers afore thee; sit, as thou wert taking

An Inventory of Parcels: I'll get up

Behind the Curtain, on a Stool, and hearken;

Sometimes peep over; see how they do look;

With what Degrees their Blood doth leave their Faces!

O, 'twill afford me a rare Meal of Laughter.

Mos. Your Advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

Volp. It will take off his Oratory's Edge.

Mos. But your *Clarissimo*, old round-back, he
Will crump you, like a Hog-louse, with the touch.

Volp. And what *Corvino*? *Mos.* O, Sir, look for him,
To Morrow Morning, with a Rope and a Dagger,
To visit all the Streets; he must run mad.

My Lady too, that came into the Court,

To bear false Witness for your Worship—*Volp.* Yes,

And kiss me 'fore the Fathers; when my Face

Flow'd all with Oils. *Mos.* And Sweat, Sir. Why, your Gold
Is such another Med'cine, it dries up

All those offensive Savours! It transforms

The most deformed, and restores 'em lovely,

As 'twere the strange poetical Girdle. *Jove*

Could not invent 'himself, a Shroud more subtle,

To pass *Acrisius's* Guards. It is the thing

Makes all the World, her Grace, her Youth, her Beauty.

Volp. I think she loves me. *Mos.* Who? the Lady, Sir?

She's jealous of you. *Volp.* Do'st thou say so? *Mos.* Hark,

There's some already. *Volp.* Look. *Mos.* It is the Vulture:

• He has the quickest Scent. *Volp.* I'll to my Place,

Thou to thy Posture. *Mos.* I am set. *Volp.* But, *Mosca*,

Play the Artificer now, torture 'em rarely.

SCENE III.

Volpone, Mosca, Corbaccio, Corvino, Lady and Volpone.

Volp. How now, my *Mosca*? *Mos.* Turkey Carpets, nine——

Volp. Taking an Inventory? that is well.

Mos. Two Suits of Bedding, Tissue——*Volp.* Where's the Will?

Let me read that the while. *Corb.* So, set me down:

And get you home. *Volp.* Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. Of Cloth of Gold, two more——*Corb.* Is it done, *Mosca*?

Mos. Of several Velvets, eight——*Volp.* I like his Care.

Corb. Dost thou not hear? *Corv.* Ha! is the hour come, *Mosca*?

Volp. Ay, now they muster. *Corv.* What does the Advocate here?

[*Volpone* peeps from behind a Traversé.

Or this *Corbaccio*? *Corb.* What do these here? *Lady.* *Mosca*?

Is his Thread spun? *Mos.* Eight Chests of Linnen——*Volp.* O,

My fine Dame *Would-be* too! *Corv.* *Mosca*, the Will,

That I may shew it these, and rid 'em hence.

Mos. Six Chests of Diaper, four of Damask——*There.*

Corb. Is that the Will? *Mos.* Down-Beds and Bouldsters——*Volp.* Rare!

Be busie still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!

How

How their swift Eyes run over the long Deed,
Unto the Name, and to the Legacies,

What is bequeath'd them, there—— *Mos.* Ten Suits of Hangings—

Volp. Ay, i'th'ir Garters, *Mosca.* Now, their Hopes
Are at the Gasps. *Vol.* *Mosca* the Heir! *Corb.* What's that?

Volp. My Advocate is dumb, look to my Merchant,
He has heard of some strange Storm, a Ship is lost,
He faints: My Lady will swoon. Old glazen Eyes,
He hath not reach'd his Despair yet. *Corb.* All these
Are out of hope, I am sure the Man. *Corv.* But, *Mosca* ——

Mos. Two Cabinets—— *Corv.* Is this in earnest? *Mos.* One
Of Ebony——*Corv.* Or do you but delude me?

Mos. The other, Mother of Pearl——I am very busie.
Good faith, it is a Fortune thrown upon me——
Item, one Salt of Aggat——not my seeking.

Lady. Do you hear, Sir? *Mos.* A perfum'd Box——prithee forbear,
You see I am troubled——made of an *Onyx*——*Lady.* How!

Mos. To Morrow, or next Day, I shall be at Leisure,
To talk with you all. *Corv.* Is this my large Hopes Issue?

Lady. Sir, I must have a fairer Answer. *Mos.* Madam!
Marry, and shall: 'Pray you, fairly quit my House.

Nay raise no Tempest with your Looks; but, hark you:
Remember what your Ladyship offered me,

To put you in an Heir; go to, think on't;
And what you said, e'en your best Madams did
For Maintenance, and why not you? enough.

Go home, and use the poor Sir *Pol.* your Knight, well;
For fear I tell some Riddles: Go, be melancholick.

Volp. O, my fine Devil! *Corv.* *Mosca,* 'pray you a Word.

Mos. Lord! will not you take your Dispatch hence yet?
Methinks (of all) you should have been th' Example.
Why should you stay here? with what Thought? what Promise?

Hear you, do not you know, I know you an Ass?
And, that you would most fain have been a Wittoll,
If Fortune would have let you? that you are

A declar'd Cuckold, on good Terms? this Pearl,
You'd say, was yours? right: this Diamond?

I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good Works
May help to hide your bad: I'll not betray you;

Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in Title, it sufficeth.

Go home, be melancholick too, or mad.

Volp. Rare *Mosca*! how his Villany becomes him!

Vol. Certain, he doth delude all these for me.

Corb. *Mosca,* the Heir? *Volp.* O, his four Eyes have found it!

Corb. I'm engag'd, cheated, by a Parasite Slave;
Harlot, thou'lt gull'd me. *Mos.* Yes, Sir. Stop your Mouth,
Or I shall draw the only Tooth is left.

Are not you he, that filthy covetous Wretch,
With the three Legs, that here, in hope of Prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuff about,
With your most grov'ling Nose; and would have hir'd
Me to the pois'ning of my Patron, Sir?
Are not you he that have, to day in Court,
Profess'd the disinheriting of your Son?
Perjured your self? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a Syllable, all comes out:
Away and call your Porters, go, go, stink.

Volp. Excellent Varlet! *Volp.* Now, my faithful *Mosca*.
I find thy Constancy. *Mos.* Sir? *Volp.* Sincere. *Mos.* A Table
Of Porphiry—I mar'le, you'll be thus troublesome.

Volp. Nay, leave off now, they are gone. *Mos.* Why? who are you?
What? who did send for you? O, cry you Mercy,
Reverend Sir! good faith, I am griev'd for you,
That any Chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving Travels:
But, I protest, Sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could, almost, wish to be without it,
But that the Will o'th' dead must be observed.
Marry, my Joy is, that you need it not,
You have a Gift, Sir, (thank your Education)
Will never let you want, while there are Men,
And Malice, to breed Causes. Would I had
But half the like, for all my Fortune, Sir.
If I have any Suits (as I do hope,
Things being so easie and direct, I shall not)
I will make bold with your obstreperous Aid,
(Conceive me) for your Fee, Sir. In mean time,
You, that have so much Law, I know ha' the Conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.

Good Sir, I thank you for my Plate; 'twill help
To set up a young Man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, Sir.

Volp. Bid him eat Lettuce well: My witty Mischief
Let me embrace thee. O, that I could now
Transform thee to a *Venus*—*Mosca*, go
Streight, take my Habit of *Clarissimo*,
And walk the Streets; be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this Feast? *Mos.* I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my Recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some Disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em Questions,
How I would vex 'em still at every turn?

Mos. Sir, I can fit you. *Volp.* Canst thou? *Mos.* Yes, I know
One o'th' *Commandatori*, Sir, so like you;
Him will I streight make drunk, and bring you his Habit.

Volp. A rare Disguise, and answering thy Brain !
O, I will be a sharp Disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for Curses—— *Volp.* 'Till they burst;
he Fox fares ever best, when he is curst.

S C E N E IV.

Peregrine, three Mercatory, Woman, and Politick.

Per. Am I enough disguis'd ? *Mer.* I warrant you.

Per. All my Ambition is to fright him only.

Mer. If you could Ship him away, 'twere excellent.

Mer. To *Zam*, or to *Aleppo* ? *Per.* Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put in the *Book of Voyages*,

And his gull'd Story registred for Truth ?

Well, Gentlemen, when I am in a while,

And that you think us warm in our Discourse,

Know your Approaches. *Mer.* Trust it to our care.

Per. Save you, fair Lady. Is Sir *Pol.* within ?

Wom. I do not know, Sir. *Per.* 'Pray you, say unto him,
Here is a Merchant, upon earnest Businels,

Desires to speak with him. *Wom.* I will see, Sir. *Per.* 'Pray you.

I see the Family is all Female, here.

Wom. He says, Sir, he has weighty Affairs of State,

That now require him whole, some other time

You may possess him. *Per.* 'Pray you say again,

If those require him whole, these will exact him,

Whereof I bring him Tidings. What might be

His grave Affair of State, now ? how to make

Bolanian Sauzages, here in *Venice*, sparing

One o'th' Ingredients. *Wom.* Sir, he says, he knows

By your word, Tidings, that you are no States-man,

And therefore wills you to stay. *Per.* Sweet, 'pray you return him;

I have not read so many Proclamations,

And studied them for Words, as he has done,

But——Here he deigns to come. *Pol.* Sir, I must crave

Your courteous Pardon. There hath chanc'd (to day)

Unkind Disaster 'twixt my Lady and me;

And I was penning my Apology

To give her Satisfaction, as you come, now.

Per. Sir, I am griev'd, I bring you worse Disaster;

The Gentleman you met at th' Port (to day)

That told you he was newly arriv'd——*Pol.* Ay, was

A fugitive Purk ? *Per.* No, Sir, a Spy set on you;

And he has made Relation to the Senate,

That you profess'd to him, to have a Plot,

To sell the State of *Venice* to the *Turk*,

Pol. O me ! *Per.* For which Warrants are sign'd by this time,

To apprehend you, and to search your Study

For Papers—— Pol. Alas, Sir, I have none, but Notes
 Drawn out of Play Books—— Per. All the better, Sir.
 Pol. And some Essays. What shall I do? Per. Sir, best
 Convey your self into a Sugar Chest,
 Or, if you would lye round, a Frail were rare:
 And I could send you aboard. Pol. Sir, I but talk'd so,
 For Discourse sake meerly. Per. Hark, they are there. *[They knock without.]*
 Pol. I am a Wretch, a Wretch. Per. What will you do, Sir?
 Ha' you ne'er a Curren-butt to leap into?
 They'll put you to the Wrack, you must be sudden.
 Pol. Sir, I have an Engine—— (3 Mer. Sir Politick Would-be?
 2 Mer. Where is he?) Pol. That I have thought upon, before time.
 Per. What is it? Pol. (I shall ne'er endure the Torture.)
 Marry, it is, Sir, of a Tortoise-shell,
 Fitted for these Extremitities: 'Pray you, Sir, help me.
 Here, I have a place, Sir, to put back my Legs,
 (Please you to lay it on, Sir) with this Cap,
 And my black Gloves. I'll lye, Sir, like a Tortoise,
 'Till they are gone. Per. And call you this an Engine?
 Pol. Mine own Device——Good Sir, bid my Wife's Women
 To burn my Papers. 1 Mer. Where's he hid? *[They rush in.]*
 3 Mer. We must,
 And will, sure find him. 2 Mer. Which is his Study? 1 Mer. What
 Are you, Sir? Per. I am a Merchant, that came here
 To look upon this Tortoise. 3 Mer. How? 1 Mer. St. Mark!
 What Beast is this? Per. It is a Fish. 2 Mer. Come out, here.
 Per. Nay, you may strike him, Sir, and tread upon him:
 He'll bear a Cart. 1 Mer. What, to run over him? Per. Yes, Sir.
 3 Mer. Let's jump upon him. 2 Mer. Can he not go? Per. He creeps, Sir.
 1 Mer. Let's see him creep. Per. No, good Sir, you will hurt him.
 2 Mer. ('Heart) I'll see him creep; or prick his Guts.
 3 Mer. Come out, here. Per. 'Pray you, Sir, creep a little.
 1 Mer. Forth.
 2 Mer. Yet farther. Per. Good Sir, creep. 2 Mer. We'll see his Legs.
[They pull off the Shell and discover him.]
 3 Mer. Gad's so, he has Garters! 1 Mer. Ay, and Gloves!
 2 Mer. Is this
 Your fearful Tortoise? Per. Now, Sir Pol. we are even;
 For your next Project, I shall be prepar'd:
 I am sorry for the Funeral of your Notes, Sir.
 1 Mer. 'Twere a rare Motion, to be seen in Fleetstreet?
 2 Mer. Ay, i' the Term. 1 Mer. Or Smithfield, in the Fair.
 3 Mer. Methinks 'tis but a melancholick sight!
 Per. Farewel, most politick Tortoise. Pol. Where's my Lady?
 Knows she of this? Wom. I know not, Sir. Pol. Enquire.
 O, I shall be the Fable of all Feasts;
 The Freight of the Gazetti; Ship-Boys Tale;
 And, which is worst, even Talk for Ordinaries.

Wom. My Lady's come most melancholick home,
And says, Sir, she will sit eight to Sea, for Physick.

Pol. And I, to shun this Place and Clime for ever;
Creeping, with House on Back; and think it well,
To shrink my poor Head in my politick Shell.

S C E N E V.

Volpone and Mosca.

Volp. Am I then like him? *Mos.* O, Sir, you are he:
No Man can sever you. *Volp.* Good. *Mos.* But, what am I?

[*The first in the Habit of a Commandatore; the other, of a Clarissimo.*]

Volp. 'Fore Heav'n, a brave *Clarissimo*, thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one. *Mos.* If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well. *Volp.* I'll go and see
What News, first, at the Court. *Mos.* Do so. My Fox
Is out of his Hole, and, e'er he shall re-enter,
I'll make him languish in his borrow'd Case,
Except he come to Composition with me.

Androgino, Castrens, Nano. All. Here.

Mos. Go, recreate your selves abroad; go, sport.
So, now I have the Keys, and am possess'd.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him, or gain by him. I am his Heir:
And so will keep me, 'till he share at least.
To cozen him of all, were but a Cheat
Well plac'd; no Man would construe it a Sin:
Let his Sport pay for't, this is call'd the Fox-trap.

S C E N E VI.

Corbaccio, Corvino, and Volpone.

Corb. They say, the Court is set. *Corv.* We must maintain
Our first Tale good, for both our Reputations.

Corb. Why? mine's no Tale: my Son would there have kill'd me.

Corv. That's true, I had forgot: mine is, I am sure.

But, for your Will, Sir. *Corb.* Ay, I'll come upon him
For that, hereafter, now his Patron's dead.

Volp. Signior *Corvino*? and *Corbaccio*? Sir,
Much Joy unto you. *Corv.* Of what? *Volp.* The sudden good
Drop'd down upon you— *Corb.* Where? *Volp.* (And, none knows how)
From old *Volpone*, Sir. *Corb.* Out, errant Knave.

Volp. Let not your too much Wealth, Sir, make you furious.

Corb. Away, thou Varlet. *Volp.* Why, Sir? *Corb.* Dost thou mock me?

Volp. You mock the World, Sir; did you not change Wills?

Corb. Out, Harlot. *Volp.* O! belike you are the Man,
Signior *Corvino*? Faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal: I love your Spirit,
You are not over-leaven'd with your Fortune.

You

You should ha' some would swell, now, like a Wine-Fat,
With such an Autumn——Did he gi' you all, Sir?

Corv. Avoid, you Rascal. *Volp.* Troth, your Wife has shewn
Her self a very Woman; but, you are well,
You need not care, you have a good Estate
To bear it out, Sir, better by this chance.

Except *Corbaccio* have a share? *Corb.* Hence, Varlet.

Volp. You will not be a'known, Sir: Why 'tis wife,
Thus do all Gamesters, at all Games, dissemble.
No Man will seem to win. Here comes my Vulture,
Heaving his Beak up in the Air, and snuffing.

S C E N E VII.

Volpone and Volpone.

Volp. Out-strip thus, by a Parasite? a Slave?
Would run on Errands? and make Legs for Crums?
Well, what I'll do—— *Volp.* The Court stays for your Worship.
I e'en rejoice, Sir, at your Worship's Happiness,
And that it fell into so learned Hands,
That understand the fingering—— *Volp.* What do you mean?

Volp. I mean to be a Sutor to your Worship,
For the small Tenement, out of Reparations;
That, at the end of your long row of Houses,
By the *Piscaria*: It was, in *Volpone's* time,
Your Predecessor, e'er he grew diseas'd,
A handfom, pretty, custom'd Bawdy-house,
As any was in *Venice* (none dispraised)
But fell with him; his Body and that House
Decay'd together. *Volp.* Come, Sir, leave your prating.

Volp. Why, if your Worship give me but your Hand,
That I may ha' the refusal; I have done.

'Tis a meer Toy to you, Sir; Candle-Rents:

As your learn'd Worship knows—— *Volp.* What do I know?

Volp. Marry, no end of your Wealth, Sir; God decrease it.

Volp. Mistaken Knave? what, mock'st thou my Misfortune?

Volp. His Blessing on your Heart, Sir; would 'twere more.
(Now, to my first again; at the next Corner.)

S C E N E VIII.

Corbaccio, Corvino, (Adesca passant) and Volpone.

Corb. See, in our Habit! see the impudent Varlet!

Corv. That I could shoot mine Eyes at him, like Gun-stones.

Volp. But is this true, Sir, of the Parasite?

Corb. Again, t'assl't us? Monster! *Volp.* In good faith, Sir,
I am heartily griev'd, a Beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reach'd. I never brook'd
That Parasite's Hair; methought his Nose should cozen:

There still was somewhat in his Look, did promise
The Bane of a *Clarissimo*. *Corb.* Knave——*Volp.* Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded i'th' World,
A witty Merchant, the fine Bird, *Corvino*,
That have such mortal Emblems on your Name,
Should not have sung your Shame, and dropt your Cheefe;
To let the Fox laugh at your Emptiness.

Corv. Sirrah, you think the Privilege of the Place,
And your red sawcy Cap, that seems (to me)
Nail'd to your Jolt-head, with those two *Cecchines*,
Can warrant your Abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, Sir, I do know your Valour well:
Since you durst publish what you are, Sir. *Corv.* Tarry,
I'd speak with you. *Volp.* Sir, Sir, another time——

Corv. Nay, now. *Volp.* O gad, Sir! I were a wise Man,
Would stand the Fury of a distracted Cuckold. [*Mosca walks by them.*]

Corb. What! come again? *Volp.* Upon 'em, *Mosca*; save me.

Corb. The Air's infected where he breaths. *Corv.* Let's flie him.

Volp. Excellent *Basilisk*! turn upon the *Vulture*.

SCENE IX.

Volpone, Mosca and Volpone.

Volp. Well, Flesh-flie, it is Summer with you now;
Your Winter will come on. *Mos.* Good Advocate,
Pr'y thee not rail, nor threaten out of Place, thus;
Thoul't make a *Solacisme* (as Madam says.)
Get you a Biggen more: Your Brain breaks loose.

Volp. Well, Sir. *Volp.* Would you ha' me beat the insolent Slave?
Throw Dirt upon his first good Cloaths? *Volp.* This same
Is, doubtless, some Familiar! *Volp.* Sir, the Court
In troth stays for you; I am mad, a Mule,
That never read *Justinian*, should get up,
And ride an Advocate. Had you no Quirk,
To avoid Gullage, Sir, by such a Creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done't:
This's but Confederacy, to blind the rest.
You are the Heir? *Volp.* A strange, officious,
Troublesome Knave! thou dost torment me. *Volp.* I know——
It cannot be, Sir, that you should be cozen'd;
'Tis not within the Wit of Man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent, and, 'tis fit,
That Wealth and Wisdom still should go together.

SCENE X.

Four Advocatories, Notario, Commandadore, Bonario, Celia, Corbaccio, Corvino, Voltore and Volpone.

1 *Avoc.* Are all the Parties here? *Not.* All but the Advocate.

2 *Avoc.* And here he comes. *Avoc.* Then bring 'em forth to Sentence

Volt. O, my most honour'd Fathers, let your Mercy

Once win upon your Justice, to forgive——

I am distracted——(*Volp.* What will he do now?) *Volt.* O,

I know not which t'address my self to first,

Whether your Fatherhoods, or those Innocents——

(*Corv.* Will he betray himself?) ——*Volp.* Whom, equally——

Volt. For which; now struck in Conscience, here I prostrate

My self at your offended Feet for Pardon.

1, 2 *Avoc.* Arise. *Cel.* O Heav'n! how just thou art! *Volp.* I'm caught

I mine own Noose—— *Corv.* Be constant, Sir, nought now

Can help, but Impudence. 1 *Avoc.* Speak forward. *Com.* Silence.

Volt. It is not Passion in me, reverend Fathers,

But only Conscience, Conscience, my good Sires,

That makes me now tell Truth. That Parasite,

That Knave hath been the Instrument of all.

(Fathers,

Avoc. Where is that Knave? fetch him. *Volp.* I go. *Corv.* Grave

This Man's distracted; he confess'd it now:

For, hoping to be old *Volpone's* Heir,

Who now is dead——3 *Avoc.* How? 2 *Avoc.* Is *Volpone* dead?

Corv. Dead since, grave Fathers——*Bon.* O, sure Vengeance! 1 *Avoc.* Stay,

Then he was no Deceiver? *Volt.* O no, none:

The Parasite, grave Fathers. *Corv.* He does speak

Out of meer Envy, 'cause the Servant's made

The thing he gap'd for; please your Fatherhoods,

This is the Truth: Though I'll not justify

The other, but he may be some-deal Faulty.

Volt. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, *Corvino*:

But I'll use Modesty. Pleaseth your Wisdoms

To view these certain Notes, and but confer them;

As I hope favour, they shall speak clear Truth.

Corv. The Devil has entred him! *Bon.* Or bides in you.

4 *Avoc.* We have done ill, by a publick Officer

To send for him, if he be Heir. 2 *Avoc.* For whom?

4 *Avoc.* Him that they call the Parasite. 3 *Avoc.* 'Tis true;

He is a Man of great Estate, now left.

4 *Avoc.* Go you, and learn his Name: and say, the Court

Intreats his Presence here; but, to the clearing

Of some few Doubts. 2 *Avoc.* This same's a Labyrinth!

1 *Avoc.* Stand you unto your first Report? *Corv.* My State,

My Life, my Fame——*Bon.* (Where is't?) *Corv.* Are at the Stake,

1 *Avoc.* Is yours so too? *Corb.* The Advocate's a Knave:

And

And has a forked Tongue——(2 *Avoc.* Speak to the Point.)

Corb. So is the Parasite too. 1 *Avoc.* This is Confusion.

Volt. I do beseech your Fatherhoods, read but those.

Corv. And credit nothing the false Spirit hath writ;
It cannot be, but he is possess'd, grave Fathers.

SCENE XI.

Volpone, Nano, Androgino and Castrone.

Volp. To make a Snare for mine own Neck! and run
My Head into it wilfully! with Laughter!
When I had newly scap'd, was free, and clear!
Out of meer Wantonness! O, the dull Devil
Was in this Brain of mine, when I devis'd it;
And *Mosca* gave it second: He must now
Help to scar up this Vein, or we bleed dead.

How now! who let you loose? whether go you now?
What? to buy Ginger-bread? or to drown Kitlings?

Nan. Sir, Master *Mosca* call'd us out of Doors,
And bid us all go play, and took the Keys. *And.* Yea.

Volp. Did Master *Mosca* take the Keys? why, so!
I am farther in. These are my fine Conceits!
I must be merry, with a Mischief to me!
What a vile Wretch was I, that could not bear
My Fortune soberly? I must ha' my Crotchets!
And my *Conundrums*! well, go you, and seek him:
His Meaning may be truer than my Fear.
Bid him, he straight come to me to the Court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my Advocate upon new Hopes:
When I provok'd him, then I lost my self.

SCENE XII.

Avocatori, &c.

Avoc. These things can ne'er be reconcil'd. He, here,
Professeth, that the Gentleman was wrong'd;
And that the Gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forc'd by her Husband, and there left. *Volt.* Most true.

Cel. How ready is Heav'n to those that pray! 1 *Avoc.* But, that
Volpone would have ravish'd her, he holds
Utterly false, knowing his Impotence.

Corv. Grave Fathers, he is possell; again, I say,
Possell: Nay, if there be Possession,
And Obsession, he has both. 3 *Avoc.* Here comes our Officer.

Volp. The Parasite will straight be here, grave Fathers.

4 *Avoc.* You might invent some other Name, Sir Varlet.

5 *Avoc.*

Volpone: Or, The Fox.

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3 *Avoc.* Did not the Notary meet him? *Volp.* Not that I know.

4 *Avoc.* His coming will clear all. 2 *Avoc.* Yet it is misty.

Volp. May't please your Fatherhoods——*Volp.* Sir, the Parolite Will'd me to tell you, that his Master lives;

[*Volpone whispers the Advocate.*
That you are still the Man; your Hopes the same;

And this was only a Jest——*Volp.* How? *Volp.* Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.

Volp. Art sure he lives? *Volp.* Do I live, Sir? *Volp.* O me!
I was too violent. *Volp.* Sir, you may redeem it.

They said you were posselt; fall down, and seem so: [Vultore falls.
I'll help to make it good. God blest the Man!

(Stop your Wind hard, and swell) see, see, see, see!

He vomits crooked Pins! his Eyes are set,

Like a dead Hare's, hung in a Poulterer's Shop!

His Mouth's running away! do you see, Signior?

Now 'tis in his Belly. (*Corv.* Ay, the Devil!)

Volp. Now in his Throat. (*Corv.* Ay, I perceive it plain.)

Volp. 'Twill out, 'twill out; stand clear. See where it flies!
In shape of a blue Toad, with Batt's Wings!

Do not you see it, Sir? *Corv.* What? I think I do.

Corv. 'Tis too manifest. *Volp.* Look! he comes t' himself!

Volp. Where am I? *Volp.* Take good heart, the worst is past, Sir.
You are dispossett. 1 *Avoc.* What Accident is this?

Avoc. Sudden, and full of Wonder! 3 *Avoc.* If he were
Posselt, as it appears, all this is nothing.

Corv. He has been often subject to these Fits.

1 *Avoc.* Shew him that Writing; do you know it, Sir?

Volp. Deny it, Sir, forswear it, know it not.

Volp. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand:

But all that it contains is false. *Ben.* O Practice!

2 *Avoc.* What Maze is this! 1 *Avoc.* Is he not guilley then,
Whom you there name the Parasite? *Volp.* Grave Fathers,
No more than his good Patron, old *Volpone*.

4 *Avoc.* Why, he is dead? *Volp.* O no, my honour'd Fathers,
He lives——1 *Avoc.* How! lives? *Volp.* Lives. 2 *Avoc.* This is subtler yet!

3 *Avoc.* You said he was dead? *Volp.* Never. 3 *Avoc.* You said so?

Corv. I heard so.

4 *Avoc.* Here comes the Gentleman, make him way. 3 *Avoc.* A Stool.

4 *Avoc.* A proper Man! and were, *Volpone* dead,

A fit Match for my Daughter. 3 *Avoc.* Give him way.

Volp. *Mosca*, I was a'most lost, the Advocate
Had betray'd all; but now it is recovered:

Al's o'the Hinge again——say, I am living.

Mos. What busie Knave is this! most reverend Fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave Pleasures,

But that my Order for the Funeral

Of my dead Patron did require me——(*Volp.* *Mosca*!)

Mos. Whom I intend to bury like a Gentleman.

Volp. Ay, quick, and cozen me of all. *2 Avoc.* Still stranger!
More intricate! *1 Avoc.* And come about again!

4 Avoc. It is a Match, my Daughter is bestow'd.

(*Mos.* Will you gi' me half? *Volp.* First, I'll be hang'd. *Mos.* I know,
Your Voice is good, cry not so loud) *1 Avoc.* Demand
The Advocate. Sir, did not you affirm,

Volpone was alive? *Volp.* Yes, and he is;

This Gentleman told me so, (thou shalt have half.)

Mos. Whole Drunkard is this same? Speak some that know him:
I never saw his Face (I cannot now

Afford it you so cheap. *Volp.* No?) *1 Avoc.* What say you?

Vol. The Officer told me. *Volp.* I did, grave Fathers,
And will maintain he lives, with mine own Life.

And, that this Creature told me. (I was born

With all good Stars my Enemies.) *Mos.* Most grave Fathers,

If such an Insolence as this must pa's

Upon me, I am silent: 'Twas not this,

For which you sent, I hope. *2 Avoc.* Take him away. (me?)

(*Volp. Mosca.*) *3 Avoc.* Let him be whipt. (*Volp.* Wilt thou betray
Cozen me?) *3 Avoc.* And taught to bear himself

Toward a Person of his Rank. *4 Avoc.* Away.

Mos. I humbly thank your Father-hoods. *Volp.* Soft, soft: Whipt?
And lose all that I have? If I confess,

It cannot be much more. *4 Avoc.* Sir, are you Married?

Volp. They'll be ally'd, anon; I must be resolute:

The Fox shall, here, uncase. (*Mos.* Patron.) *Volp.* Nay, now,

My Ruins shall not come alone; your Match [He puts off his Disguise.

I'll hinder sure: my Substance shall not glew you,

Nor screw you into a Family. (*Mos.* Why, Patron!)

Volp. I am *Volpone*, and this is my Knave;

This, his own Knave; this, Avarice's Fool;

This, a Chimera of Wittal, Fool and Knave;

And, Reverend Fathers, since we all can hope

Nought but a Sentence, let's not now despair it.

You hear me brief. *Coro.* May it please your Father-hoods---*Com.* Silence.

1 Avoc. The Knot is now undone, by Miracle!

2 Avoc. Nothing can be more clear. *3 Avoc.* Or can more prove

These Innocents. *1 Avoc.* Give 'em their Liberty.

Ben. Heav'n could not, long, let such gross Crimes be hid.

2 Avoc. If this be held the High-way to get Riches,

May I be Poor. *3 Avoc.* This's not the Gain, but Torment.

1 Avoc. These possess Wealth, as Sick Men possess Fevers,

Which trulier may be said to possess them.

2 Avoc. Disrobe that Parasite. *Coro. Mos.* Most Honour'd Fathers,

1 Avoc. Can you plead ought to stay the Course of Justice?

If you can, Speak. *Coro. Volp.* We beg Favour, *Ed.* And Mercy.

1 Avoc. You buy your Innocence, suing for the Guilty.

Stand

Stand forth; and, first, the Parasite. You appear
T'have been the chiefest Minister, if not Plotter,
In all these lewd Impostures; and now, lastly,
Have, with your Impudence, abus'd the Court,
And Habit of a Gentleman of *Venice*,
Being a Fellow of no Birth or Blood:
For which, our Sentence is, first thou be whip'd;
Then live perpetual Prisoner in our Gallies.

Vol. I thank you for him. *Mos.* Bane to thy wolfish Nature.

1 Avoc. Deliver him to the *Saff.* Thou, *Volpone*,
By Blood and Rank a Gentleman, canst not fall
Under like Censure; but our Judgment on thee
Is, that thy Substance all be strait confiscate
To the Hospital of the *Incurabili*:
And, since the most was gotten by Imposture,
By feigning Lame, Gout, Palsie, and such Diseases,
Thou art to lye in Prison, cramp't with Irons,
Till thou be'st Sick and Lame indeed. Remove him.

Volp. This is call'd Mortifying of a Fox.

1 Avoc. Thou *Vulture*, to take away the Scandal
Thou hast giv'n all worthy Men, of thy Profession,
Art banish'd from their Fellowship, and our State.
Corbaccio, bring him near. We here possess
Thy Son of all thy State; and confine thee
To the Monastery of *San' Spirito*:
Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learn'd to die well. *Corb.* Ha! what said he?

Com. You shall know anon, Sir. *1 Avoc.* Thou *Corvino*, shalt
Be straight Embark'd from thine own House, and row'd
Round about *Venice*, through the *grand Canale*,
Wearing a Cap, with fair long Ass's Ears,
Instead of Horns; and, so to mount (a Paper
Pin'd on thy Breast) to the *Berlino*—— *Corv.* Yes,
And have mine Eyes beat out with stinking Fish,
Bruis'd Fruit, and rotten Eggs——'Tis well. I'm glad,
I shall not see my Shame, yet. *1 Avoc.* And to expiate
Thy Wrongs done to thy Wife; thou art to send her
Home to her Father, with her Dowry trebled:
And these are all your Judgments. (*All.* Honour'd Fathers.)

1 Acc. Which may not be revok'd. Now you begin,
When Crimes are done and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your Crimes are: Away with them.
Let all, that see these Vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed
Like Beasts, 'till they be fat, and then they bleed,

VOLPONE.

THE Seas'ning of a Play is the Applause.
Now, though the Fox be punish'd by the Laws;
He, yet, doth hope there is no Suff'ring due,
For any Fact, which he hath done 'gainst you;
If there be, censure him; here he, doubtful, stands:
If not, fare jovially, and clap your Hands.

FINIS.
